

MAY 14, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 598.—Vol. XXIII.

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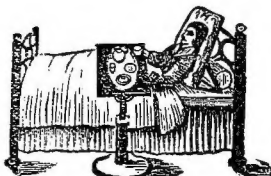
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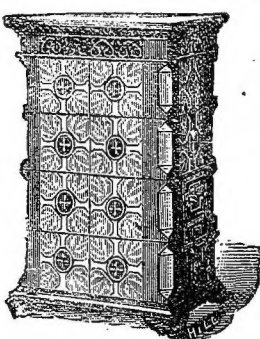
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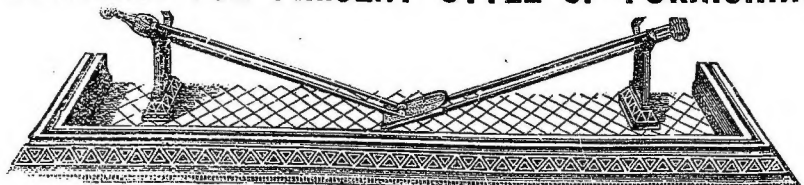
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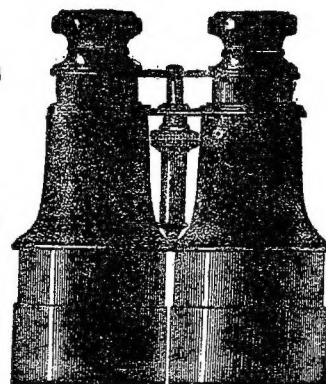
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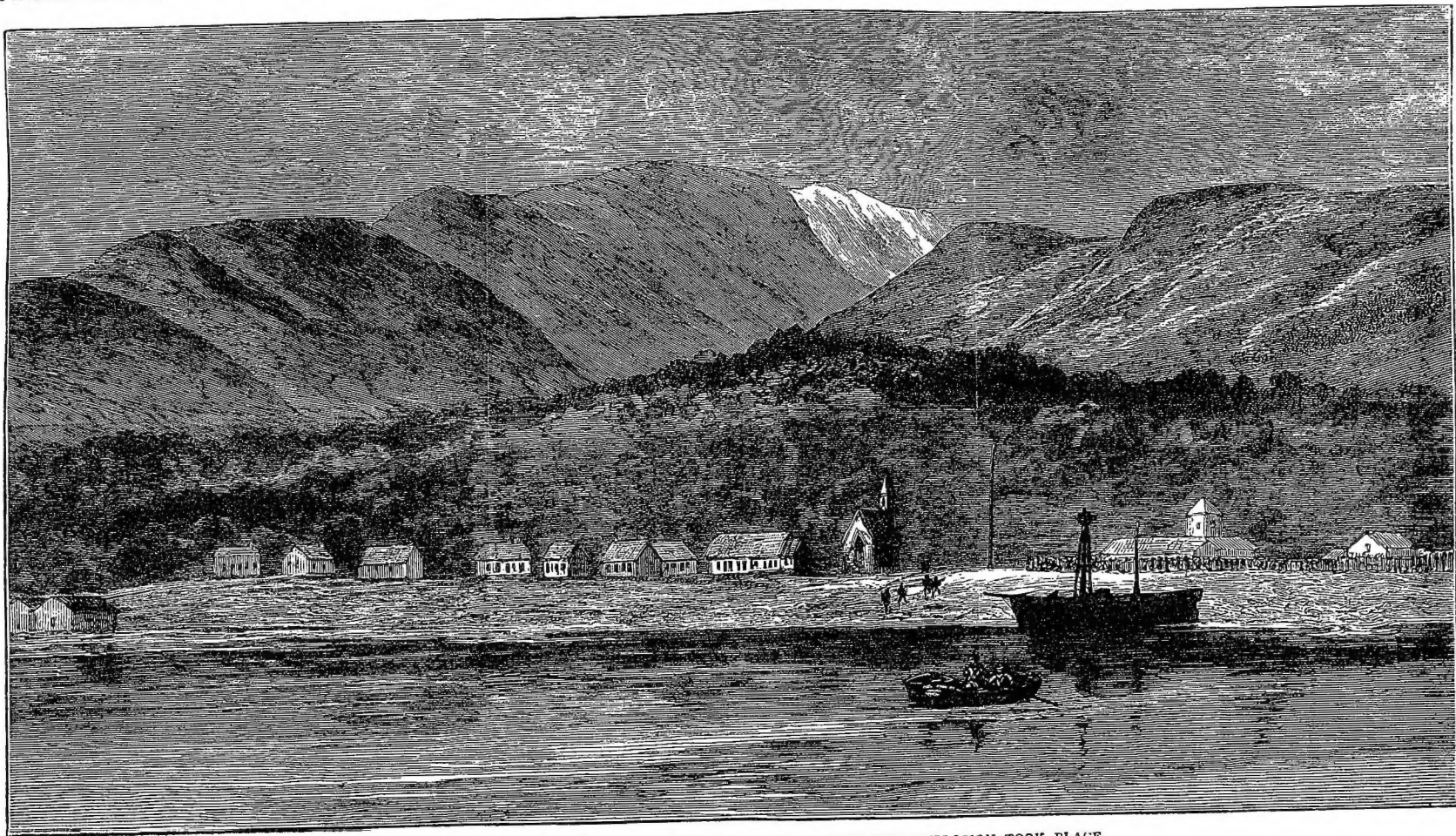
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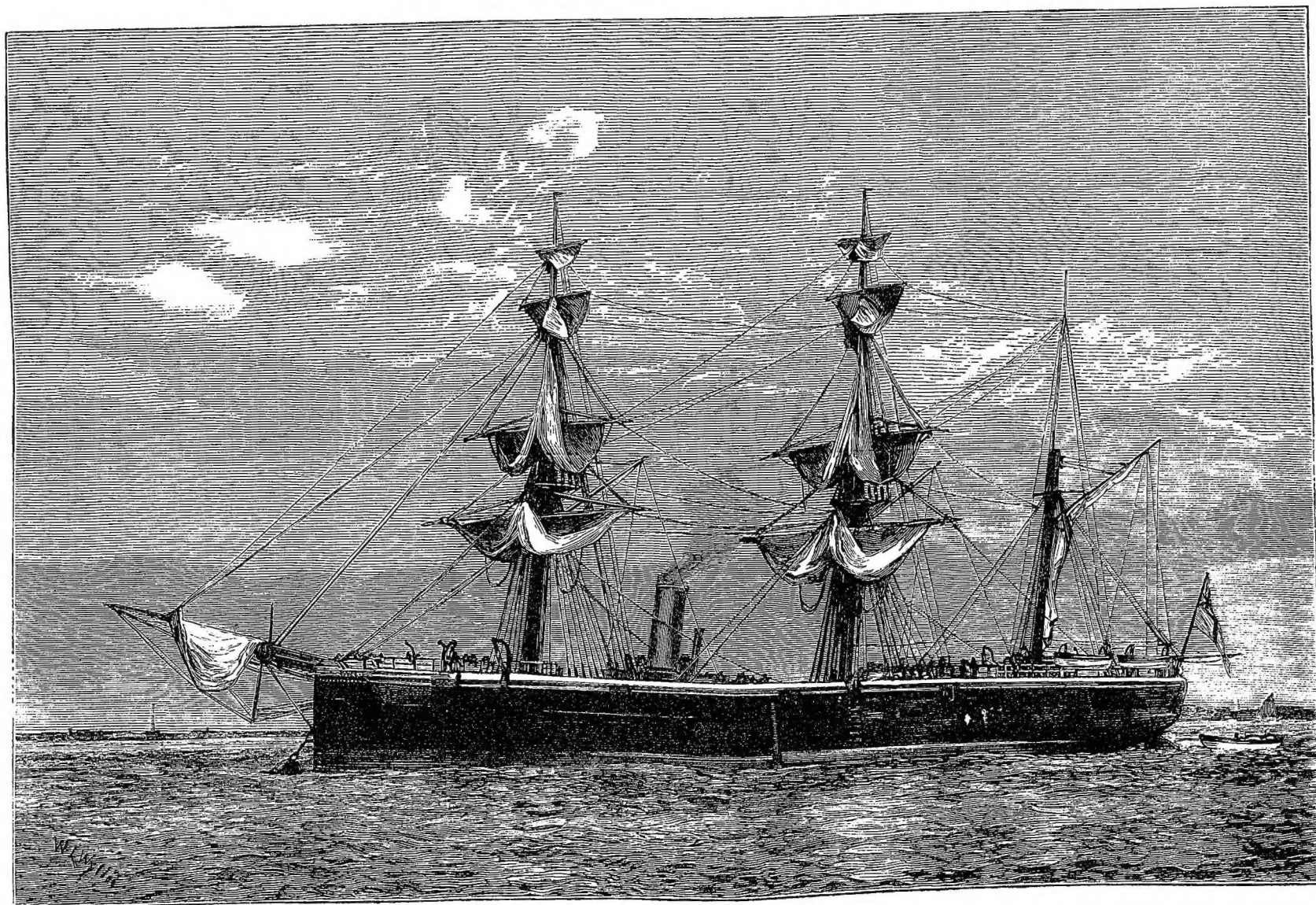
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Topics of the Week

LORD SALISBURY AND THE TORY PARTY.—Nominally, Lord Salisbury has only become leader of the Tories in the House of Lords; but in reality there can be little doubt that his position henceforth will be that of leader of the Tory party. In all the great controversies in which the party will have to act with decision, one controlling will must make itself supreme; and it will be surprising if the will which predominates is not that of Lord Salisbury. Sir Stafford Northcote may be a truer statesman, but he lacks the force and self-confidence of his imperious rival. In some respects the appointment of Lord Salisbury may be of considerable advantage to his political friends, for, whatever may be his defects, he is a brilliant speaker, and he will infuse much of his own energy into the various party organisations which will look to him for guidance. Whether the selection is wise from a more general point of view is by no means clear. Lord Salisbury, as every one knows, is seldom at pains to conciliate an opponent; and it may be expected that his caustic style of oratory will tend to intensify and perpetuate the animosities by which the two great parties of the State are now separated from each other. It would be difficult to name any statesman who has less sympathy with the characteristic political ideas of the present age, and it is probable that he will often counsel resistance *à outrance* where Lord Beaconsfield would have been in favour of moderation. To persons who care nothing for party politics these facts suggest a doubt whether the selection of the Tory Peers is a prudent one. It only remains to hope that the responsibilities which have now devolved on Lord Salisbury will have a steadying influence on his character. He has a magnificent opportunity, and the whole nation will watch with interest the manner in which he proposes to take advantage of it.

THE MONUMENT TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.—A certain degree of disappointment, if not of absolute soreness of feeling, was undoubtedly caused by Mr. Gladstone's absence from the House of Commons when it was confidently expected that he would commemorate Lord Beaconsfield's death in a set speech, and by his non-attendance at the funeral on the following day. Nor was this unpleasant feeling lessened when it was announced that the proposal to erect a memorial to the deceased Minister would be strenuously resisted by the Radical wing of the Government party. The prospects being thus gloomy, it may be frankly acknowledged that most people were agreeably surprised by the proceedings of Monday. We do not here refer to the House of Lords, where, since Whigs are in a minority, and Radicals (we believe) unknown, Lord Granville's graceful tribute of praise was sure to be warmly welcomed. The real interest lay in the House of Commons, because there was an idea prevalent that Mr. Gladstone had bound himself to perform a distasteful task, that he would execute it badly, and that, as regards the Extreme party, a vulgar wrangle would take place over Lord Beaconsfield's grave. All these predictions were entirely falsified. Mr. Gladstone's speech was exactly what it should be, considering the relations which existed between the two rival statesmen. He defended the proposal for the memorial on precisely the right grounds, namely, that the deceased Minister had done great deeds, and that he was, for the time being, the undoubted exponent of the national will. Equally felicitous were his personal references to Lord Beaconsfield. He indulged in no unmeasured eulogy, which would have seemed, and probably would have been, insincere; the praise which he bestowed was, one felt, honest praise. And there was a touch of kindness in the somewhat quaint reference to the personal antipathy which had been supposed to exist between himself and his predecessor in the Premiership. Let us turn next to the opponents of the memorial, not a very insignificant number, if we reckon those who walked out of the House as well as those who voted. If we regard political strife as something from which the combatants cannot personally dissociate themselves, and not as the battles of contending barristers, whose apparent enmity ceases with the conclusion of the case in which they are engaged, it is difficult to blame a man for declining to erect a statue to a politician whose public conduct he has uniformly denounced as mischievous and dangerous. And, if we admit this view, it must be allowed that Mr. Labouchere stated his reasons for opposing the motion in a perfectly gentlemanlike and inoffensive manner. The speakers who followed were less guarded in their utterances, still altogether the country is to be congratulated on such a satisfactory conclusion of a matter which at one time promised unpleasantness.

THE AUSTRIAN MARRIAGE.—There is something peculiarly interesting in a marriage which recalls one of the most striking eras of modern history. Austria was not, on the whole, benefited by her possession of the Low Countries; but her rule there, as well as that of Spain, was associated with events which have left a deep mark on the life of the civilised world. By the marriage of the Princess Stephanie to the Crown Prince, Vienna has been brought once more into relations with Brussels, but in a manner that can do no

harm to either. Not so very long ago a position so near the throne of the Austrian Empire would not have been thought a particularly enviable one. For many years it was almost a commonplace among politicians that the days of Austria were numbered; and after the war of 1866 it seemed almost certain, as it had seemed during the revolutionary period of 1848-49, that the highly-complicated Monarchy was about to fall to pieces. Now, however, nobody supposes that Austria is in serious danger. She has to reconcile many rivalries, to allay many jealousies; but the inhabitants of all the various provinces are united by a sincere loyalty to the House of Hapsburg, the present Emperor having striven in a truly statesmanlike spirit to concede every reasonable demand of his troublesome nationalities. In her foreign relations Austria has a firm support in her alliance with the German Empire, a support which she can the more readily accept as she gives quite as much as she receives. All this promises a prosperous future for the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy; and its prospects have been still further improved by the wedding which has been so brilliantly celebrated. The Crown Princess has qualities that appeal strongly to the popular imagination; and she and her young husband will have many opportunities of attaching the country more strongly than ever to the reigning dynasty.

MR. BRIGHT ON IRELAND.—Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere tells us that when two persons are conversing together there are really six personalities present, namely, the people they suppose each other to be, the people they suppose themselves to be, and their own selves as they actually are. Whatever may be the truth of this bit of philosophy, it is plain that there are two John Brights in the House of Commons. There is the John Bright, once a famous member of the Anti-Corn Law League, with little belief in the beneficent efficacy of Governments, who holds that people must put their own shoulders to the wheel, and work out their own salvation. On Friday evening last week this Mr. Bright made a speech in which he gave some very wholesome advice to the Irish people. He asked them why they did not establish manufactures, why they made no use of their unrivalled water-power, why they did not borrow capital from England (who would readily lend it on proper security), why they had so many Saints' days, why, in short, they did not do for Ireland what the Scotch had done for Scotland. To our thinking, these are eminently the words of truth and soberness; if their teaching was practically carried out they would do more good for "the distressful country" than the most ingenious Land Bill that ever was invented; and we should like to see a copy of this speech posted on every dead wall and hoarding in Ireland. But then there is another Mr. John Bright, a member of the Government, and as the Government have brought in a Land Bill, which they believe will cure Ireland's ills, this Mr. Bright accepts a brief against Sir John Holker, and argues eloquently in favour of a measure which entirely controverts the doctrines enunciated by his namesake a few days before, inasmuch as it strikes at the root of the principle of self-help, and treats the Irish farmer like a (legal) "infant" who is unable to look after his own interests. Now if it were proposed to extend the principle of the Irish Land Bill, not only to farming land in Ireland, but to house property throughout the kingdom, the first Mr. Bright would probably say, "Let the people manage for themselves their business transactions." Yet there are tyrannical landlords, and tenants equally at their mercy, in English towns as well as in Irish rural places.

RUSSIA AND HER PEASANTRY.—The Czar has at last given some indication of the spirit in which he intends to deal with popular discontent. Whether or not he purposes to grant constitutional liberties, there can be no doubt as to his wisdom in beginning with the grievances of the peasantry. It would be ungenerous to question the honourable motives of the late Czar in issuing the famous decree which proclaimed the emancipation of the serfs. He may have been partly influenced by a wish to increase the power of the Crown by bringing the emancipated class more directly under its control; but he had also a sincere desire for the welfare of the serfs themselves. As a matter of fact, however, his policy completely broke down in the greater part of Russia. The peasantry were more heavily burdened than ever, and naturally felt that they were mocked by arrangements which, while seeming to offer them an opportunity of becoming proprietors, in reality made it almost impossible for them to obtain possession of their lands. According to the new system, the peasants and their lords may, until the 1st of January, 1883, still form voluntary agreements; but after that date the State will intervene, and complete the transfer of the land from the old to the new class of proprietors. The scheme by which this is to be effected is very elaborate; but it seems to satisfy every just claim of the peasantry, while providing amply for the compensation of the present holders. If Englishmen cannot foretell whether Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, if passed, would satisfy Ireland, who would venture to prophesy with confidence the effect of this bold Russian proposal? Educated Russians themselves find it as difficult as foreign observers to form a definite judgment on the matter. To a certain order of minds there is a powerful fascination in revolutionary agitation; and the fascination is evidently felt by the Nihilists to the utmost possible extent. But if the peasantry can be satisfied, the sphere within which the Nihilists work

will be less extensive than it is now; and the Czar will be in a more favourable position for considering other aspects of the vast problem which he is called upon to solve.

MR. CARLYLE AND HIS EDITOR.—The bits of satirical personal description given in Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" cannot be called malignant. They impugn no man's character seriously, still, their publication has undoubtedly given annoyance to surviving friends. But the person whose reputation has suffered most from this book (if that of the editor be left out of the question) is poor Carlyle himself. The public are not very discriminating judges, and he went down in a few days from fever heat to zero. The noble self-denying philosopher was converted into a spiteful and rather ungrateful old hunk, and proposals for a public memorial fell utterly flat. Already, however, signs of a reaction are visible. The detractor, always busy in an age which loves gossip and slander, has done his best, while greedily retailing Mr. Carlyle's most unflattering descriptions, to exaggerate the criminality of the diarist. In such a case it is important to discover whether, and to what extent, a man desires the publication of his diary. The late Mr. Greville, we believe deliberately intended his diary for publication. He must therefore, be held responsible for its ill-natured disclosures. But we think, after the correspondence which has recently taken place between Mrs. Alexander Carlyle and Mr. Froude, that the public will acquit Mr. Carlyle of such responsibility as this. The solemn written instruction that "without fit editing no part of this bit of writing should be printed," penned in 1866, when the author was in full intellectual vigour, deserves to be weighed against the oral instructions (for which we have only Mr. Froude's word) uttered in days of octogenarian decrepitude and forgetfulness. At all events the book was prepared for the press apparently long before Mr. Carlyle's death, for it was published very soon after his funeral. Persons of celebrity, who are conscious that their milk of human kindness has occasionally been soured by gout or neuralgia, will probably abstain (if they have left diaries) from making the biographer of King Henry the Eighth their literary executor.

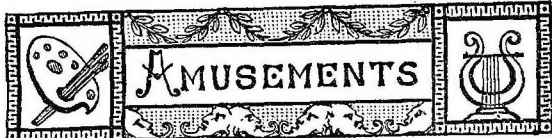
TECHNICAL COLLEGES.—The establishment of the new Technical College at Finsbury, the foundation stone of which was laid the other day, is likely to prove an event of some importance in the history of British industry. For a long time Englishmen paid little attention to the improvements in foreign manufactures. That we were, and should remain, supreme in these matters was regarded as a necessary law; and many a laugh was raised at the expense of persons who uttered serious warnings as to the growing rivalry of Continental manufacturers. Nobody laughs at such warnings now, for we have been taught by experience that if foreign artisans receive a careful scientific training it is simply impossible for our artisans, trained in the old haphazard fashion, to keep up with them. The days in which Nature was supposed to do everything for the workman are past; it is generally recognised that if he is to excel, he must bring to his calling a knowledge of the laws of the materials with which he works, and a perfect mastery of the best methods of applying his knowledge. How much can be effected by careful cultivation we have lately seen in several industries, especially in the manufacture of pottery and porcelain, in which England may fairly claim at the present moment to take the lead. There is no reason why the same progress should not be manifested along the whole line; all that is needed is that we should act as sensibly as countries whose competition we have most cause to dread. To a great many people it seems that the question is one for the Government; and it would certainly be better that the Government should deal with it than that it should be left alone. But private action would be more in accordance with the spirit of our institutions; and if the City Companies would bestir themselves, they might easily set an example that would be extensively followed in all our large cities. An admirable beginning has been made by the City and Guilds of London Institute.

THE INCONVENIENCES OF ACCLIMATISATION.—The Australasian colonies are so destitute naturally of useful animal life, and of edible fruits and vegetables, and yet possess a climate and soil so congenial to importations from home, that they have become a special field for experiments in acclimatisation. Twenty or thirty years ago the acclimatisation enthusiasts were probably convinced that their efforts could not fail to be beneficial. But unfortunately in this world, as the poet says, "Surgit amari aliquid," something unpleasant always happens, and so it has come to pass that even acclimatisation has its drawbacks. We do not reckon English rats and English weeds, because they were not intentionally taken to the Colonies, though now they thrive and multiply there; nor do we suppose that the thistle, which for many years has become a serious nuisance in several parts of Australia, was deliberately imported by some patriotic Caledonian. But the rabbit, introduced as a cheap and wholesome adjunct to beef and mutton, has multiplied so that he threatens to eat up all the grass of Australia. He is trapped, he is poisoned, he is hunted out with dogs and ferrets, yet such is his progenitive prowess that he remains master of the field. And even that noble animal, the horse, can become a pest. In the interior of New South Wales and Queensland there are thousands of wild horses, called "brombies," which are stalked and shot

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down because they disturb the cattle and devour the pasture. As for the sparrow, that impudent "gutter percher," the Americans have long since regretted his importation, because he not only eats up the fruit, but drives away the robins and other native birds. A similar cry reaches us from South Australia, where the *viguerons* complain that these feathered Europeans devour the best part of their grapes. The plan now will be to introduce some animals which will wage war against these destructive creatures. Lions and tigers would settle the "brombies," wolves and hyenas would keep down the rabbits; hawks would make the sparrows mind. But possibly the squatters and farmers would think the remedy worse than the disease.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 476 and 485.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, May 16th, 18th, and 20th, at 8 o'clock, OTHELLO. Othello, Mr. Booth; Iago, Mr. Irving; Desdemona, Miss Ellen Terry. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, May 17th, 19th, and 21st, at 7.45, THE CUP AND THE BELLE STRATAGEM. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

OTHELLO.—MORNING PERFORMANCES.—Two Special Morning Performances of OTHELLO will be given on Saturday, May 21, and Sunday, May 22, at 2 o'clock. On Saturday, May 21, Mr. Irving will appear as Othello, and Mr. Edwin Booth as Iago, and on Sunday, May 22, Mr. Edwin Booth will appear as Othello, and Mr. Irving as Iago. Desdemona, Miss Ellen Terry. Seats can now be booked for these Special Performances.—LYCEUM.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. Nye CHART.—Mrs. H. Nye Chart has great pleasure in announcing to the Patrons of the Theatre that she has made arrangements with the celebrated Parisian Actress, Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, to appear at the above Theatre, on WEDNESDAY, June 21st, and THURSDAY, June 22nd, full particulars of which will be duly announced.

MR. SIMS REEVES' FAREWELL ORATORIOS at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN and all the members of the Royal Family.

THIRD CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, May 18, at eight. Handel's

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.—Artists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss De Fonblanque, Madame Patey; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. Sims Reeves, and the

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY. Orchestra and chorus, 1,000. Organist, Dr. Stainer. Conductor, Mr. Barnby. Prices: Stalls, 15s.; arena, 20s. 6d. and 7s.; balcony, 6s. and 4s.; admission, 1s. Tickets of the usual Agents; Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

NOTICE.—MR. SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that as "Jephtha" cannot be included in the series of Farewell Oratorio Performances, he will, in addition to the tenor music in "Israel in Egypt," give the Recit. and Air "Deeper and Deeper Still," and "Wait Her, Angels," on Wednesday Evening Next, at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—St. James's Hall.—Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—On Friday Next, May 20, at 7.30, Rossini's MOSES IN EGYPT. English Version by Mr. A. Matthison. Principal Vocalists: Madame L. Sherrington, Mlle. Enequist, Madame Enriquez; Messrs. E. Lloyd, Cummings, W. Wells, Bridson, Hilton, and Santley. Organist, Mr. Willing.—Tickets, 20s. 6d., 7s. 5s., and 2s. 6d., at Society's Offices, 7, John Street, Adelphi; Austin's, St. James's Hall; and Agents.

RICHTER CONCERT.—Monday Next.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, May 16, at Eight.—Conductor, HANS RICHTER, of Vienna. Leader and Artistic Director, Herr H. Franke.

RICHTER CONCERT.—Monday Next, at Eight.—Brahms' "Overture Academic," Liszt's "Mephisto Walzer," Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Schumann's Symphonie, C major (op. 68).—Conductor, Herr HANS RICHTER, of Vienna.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—HANS RICHTER, Conductor.—Tickets, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d., 15s., at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s; Mitchell's; Lucas, Weber, and Co.'s; Oliver's; A. Hays; S. Hayes; Austin's Ticket Office; and of Messrs. Schulz Curtius, 5, Vere Street, W.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Gilbert A. Beckett and Clement Scott. Music by Lionel Benson. A Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees. Booking Office now open from 10 to 6. An entire change of programme Monday, May 30.

MOHAWK MINSTELS.—SANGERS' AMPHITHEATRE EVERY EVENING, at 8. Most brilliant success. Crowded houses. Enthusiastic encores. Fresh programmes each week. No cloak room extortions. Price 6d. to Five Guineas.—E. MOWBRAY, Manager.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON. Entries close May 23. Show open June 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Prize lists and forms of entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, N. Agricultural Hall Company, Limited. (By order) S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.

YORKSHIRE FINE ART AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION, YORK.

NOW OPEN,
THE SUMMER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS,
and the
PRINCE OF WALES'
MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF
INDIAN PRESENTS.

Admission One Shilling.—Excursionists Sixpence.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES BY BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Professor Leopold Carl Muller's Picture, "An Encampment Outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. Admission One Shilling.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 to 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

PALL MALL GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall.—NOW OPEN to the PUBLIC, the EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by the Celebrated Russian Artist, AIVAZOVSKY. Aivazovsky's "COLUMBUS SHIP IN A STORM."

AIVAZOVSKY'S "COLUMBUS LANDING ON THE ISLAND OF SAN SALVADOR," and many other notable Paintings at the PALL MALL GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall. Admission ONE SHILLING. Fridays, 2s. 6d. Catalogue, 6d.

ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, ON THE ALERT, and A FORAGING PARTY, which gained for the artist the Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium at the Antwerp Academy, 1870. Also, the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur, including the well-known "Horse Fair," now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 1A, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Five.

HERBERT EXHIBITION.—"The Judgement of Daniel," Painted for the House of Lords, and other Works by J. R. HERBERT, R.A. Now ON VIEW at the HANOVER GALLERY, 47, New Bond Street. Admission One Shilling. From 9.30 to 6.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.—AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOUR, 1881.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS. The above Exhibition will OPEN in the WALKER ART GALLERY, on MONDAY, 5th September. The days for receiving pictures are from the 1st to the 13th of August, both inclusive.

Forms, cards of particulars, and all information may be obtained on application to Mr. Charles Dray, curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to whom all works of art, intended for exhibition, should be addressed. London Agent, Mr. James Bourlet, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital. JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk.

Honorary Secretary.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.—"CAVE CANEM," Briton Riviere, A.R.A. This wonderful humorous Engraving on View. "Artist's Proofs only." Catalogue post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON.

TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.
ARTHUR HOPKINS
SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.
EDWIN LONG, A.R.A.
JULES GOUPIL
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PAUL BAUDRY
(Commander of the Legion of Honour,
Member of the Institut)
GUSTAVE JACQUET
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).

P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
C. E. PERUGINI
MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.
GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.
L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
J. J. TISSOT
HENRI LEVY
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PIERRE AUGUSTE COT
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
CAROLUS DURAN
(Officer of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,

"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS,"
THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.
AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF INSANDUWHANA,
Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also Exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "THE GRAPHIC."

MILLAIS'

New Picture,

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP,"

a companion to the celebrated "CHERRY RIPE," has been added.

THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.
Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE TETRATORUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION. Now OPEN. Daily 9 to 7. Admission, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton at 8.30 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 20s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.
(By Order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "DOTEREL"

THIS vessel, which, as we reported last week, was blown up and sunk at Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, was a newly built composite steam sloop of 1,137 tons burthen, carrying six guns. She was commissioned at Chatham in December last, and left on the 17th January for the Pacific station to relieve the *Penguin*. The disaster occurred at 10 A.M. on April 26th, and proved fatal to eight officers and 135 men. Commander Evans, with the rest of the survivors (five officers and twelve men), are now on their way home, except Lieutenant Stokes, who remains at Sandy Point to ascertain the cause of the disaster, the Lords of the Admiralty having ordered two vessels, the *Turquoise*, now on the Pacific station, and the *Garnet*, which is lying at Monte Video, to proceed at once to assist in the work of recovering the bodies of the drowned, and the stores and materials in the wreck. It has been suggested that the disaster may have been caused by the bursting of the boilers; the spontaneous combustion of the coal on board, or of the gas evolved from it; the accidental ignition of the store of gunpowder, gun cotton, or dynamite; or by a stray torpedo, intended by the Peruvians for the Chilean fleet. All is, however, a matter of mere conjecture until the result of the examination of the wreck is reported.

The Queen has sent, through the First Lord of the Admiralty, a message of condolence to the relatives of those who perished in the explosion. Sandy Point, where the disaster occurred, is situated in the eastern section of the Straits of Magellan. It is a small Chilean settlement of some 300 wooden houses, with roofs of grey shingle, which are inhabited by a motley population of many types of humanity, some of whom are involuntary settlers, deserters from the Chilean army who have been banished to the spot; while others are voluntary immigrants, attracted by large grants of land. The place has a comfortable and hospitable appearance; but the climate is bad, and landing is only practicable about once in five or six days. Our engraving of H.M.S. *Doterel* is from a sketch by Miss Hunt Grubbe, and our view of Sandy Point from a sketch by Mr. Dewes, of 15, Angus Street, New Cross.

MAY DAY FÊTE AT WORSLEY

AT Worsley, one of the prettiest of the suburbs of Manchester, the ancient May Day custom of crowning the May Queen has of late years been revived with great magnificence, owing mainly to the interest taken in the celebration by the Vicar, the Rev. the Earl of Mulgrave. This year, although the weather was not so warm or bright as might have been desired, the festival was a complete success, some 12,000 spectators assembling to witness the revels, in which about 300 juvenile masquers and 1,200 school children took part. The day opened with a special children's service in the church, after which the motley procession marched to the field where the May-pole had been erected together with a platform for dancing, and a floral throne on which the coronation ceremony was to be performed. Her majesty, a charming little girl of eight, the daughter of a widow, wore a white muslin dress, trimmed with May-blossoms, the gift of the Dowager Marchioness of Normanby, and her floral crown, presented by Mrs. Mason, of Manchester, was placed upon her head by "Spring," another little girl of the same age, amid the plaudits of the spectators. The whole procession then marched past in front of the throne; after which dancing, music, and all kinds of fun and amusement were indulged in until the evening, when all the children assembled in a large marquee on the Vicarage lawn, where they were regaled with tea and cake. The whole of the arrangements were carried out by the reverend and noble vicar, assisted by two committees, one of ladies, the other of gentlemen.—Our engraving is from a sketch by the Rev. W. H. L. Cogswell, Vicar of St. Oswald's, Chester.

EASTERTIDE IN RUSSIA

EASTER is the most important festival of the Russian Church, and consequently the greatest holiday of the Russian people. Coming also after the long Lenten abstinence this period of feasting and merry-making is doubly welcome, especially in the country districts, where consciences are more tender, and the fasts are consequently more strictly kept, than in the pleasure-loving towns. Our sketches show the experiences of our artist in a small village near

Gatschina, where Alexander III. is now residing. Unbounded hospitality is one of the chief characteristics of Eastertide, and every stranger, down to the humblest beggar (who may be seen peeping in at the window in one of the sketches) is welcome to partake of the good fare provided for the occasion—of the pressed curdled milk studded with raisins, of the currant bread, which, gaily decorated with coloured sugar, is eaten by even the poorest peasants during Easter week, and above all of the vodka, that spirit dear to the Muscovite heart, and which, like the Irishman's whisky, is never absent from the table. Kissing is a universal custom at this time. The Czar kisses his dignitaries and soldiers, the merchant his coachman, and the peasant everybody within reach, in many cases, like the couple in the corner exchanging the inevitable Easter egg after the third embrace. The egg coloured in every possible shade of the rainbow is the great feature of all at Easter. Every one gives every one else an egg, from the wealthy noble, who presents an oval-shaped jewel box to his wife or betrothed, to Ivan the *dvornik*, who presents a ruby-hued hen's egg to Sophienska, his sweetheart. Of our other sketches one depicts a popular game with Easter eggs, another a party of peasants serenading their neighbours with Easter carols, and a third our artist and some friends butterfly hunting on snowshoes—a somewhat incongruous pastime to us, for the more effeminate British butterflies never show their noses out of their chrysalis homes until long after all snow has vanished.

DARTMOOR PONIES IN SEARCH OF A "FEED"

THIS sketch represents a group of Dartmoor ponies endeavouring, with the poor means at their command, to get at the short and scanty grass of the moors, which is usually their chief support, but which is, for the time being, in a most tantalising manner, placed beyond their reach by a thick layer of snow. These hardy little animals exist in great numbers in the neighbourhood, and are the property of farmers and others, who turn them loose on the moors, until a certain time in each year, when they are driven into a great herd, and their owners come from all parts to claim them. This gathering is termed "Driving the Drift," and is a very interesting and animated scene.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHILI AND PERU—SOME OF ITS DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS

CHORRILLOS and Miraflores, which have been destroyed by the Chilean soldiers, were the two principal watering-places of Lima, and greatly frequented during the summer months, from December to May. They are situated to the south of Lima, and are distant—the former nine miles and the latter five by railway. One of the views is of the ruins of the "rancho," or house of the late General Pezet, situated in front of the railway station, and which was the finest house in Chorrillos. Nothing has been left of the house but the stairs leading up to the entrance. General Pezet was formerly President of Peru, and his government was overthrown in November, 1865, by a revolution headed by General Mariano Iquacio Prado. Another view shows the "Plaza" or square of Chorrillos, in which can be seen the ruins of the church, of which only a portion of the walls is left standing. Another gives the "Calle de Lima," or principal street of Chorrillos, in which stood some of the handsomest buildings, and which is now a heap of ruins. In this street was the house occupied by the British Minister, which, notwithstanding that the British flag was flying over it at the time, was so completely destroyed that nothing remains to mark the spot where it stood but the entrance gate and iron railing in front of the garden. In this house Dr. William Maclean, one of the oldest English residents in Peru, who had gone there for protection, was murdered by the Chilean soldiers.

Another view gives the "Malecon," or Promenade, where during the season music was played twice a week in the evening by one of the military bands.

The "Rancho de Derteano" was a fine house, the property of Messrs. Dreyfus Brothers and Co., of Paris. Both these places have been quite destroyed.

These two places were not destroyed during the fight, but on the second day after they had been captured by the Chileans. On the night after the battle of Chorrillos, General Baquedano, the Chilean commander-in-chief, slept in the "rancho" of General Pezet, and other Chilean officers occupied the principal "ranchos," all of which were standing and uninjured.

Our engravings are from photographs furnished to us by Mr. H. W. Isaacson, British Vice-Consul, Lima.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN

STEAMING up the Gulf of Yedo, Miss Bird, in her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," says:—"For long I looked in vain for Fujisan (or Fusiama), and failed to see it; till, accidentally looking heavenwards instead of earthwards, I saw, far above any possibility of height, as one would have thought, a huge truncated cone of pure snow, 13,977 feet above the sea, from which it sweeps upwards in a glorious curve. This was an altogether exceptional aspect of the mountain, under exceptional atmospheric conditions. It usually looks broader and lower, and is often compared to an inverted fan."

This volcano is the most active in Japan, and the records of its eruptions will vie with those of Etna and Vesuvius. One occurred in 1799, which lasted thirty-four days. The name signifies "Sacred Mountain." It is situated about the middle of the Island of Nippon, seventy miles west of Yedo.

SKETCHES IN PRAGUE

See page 479.

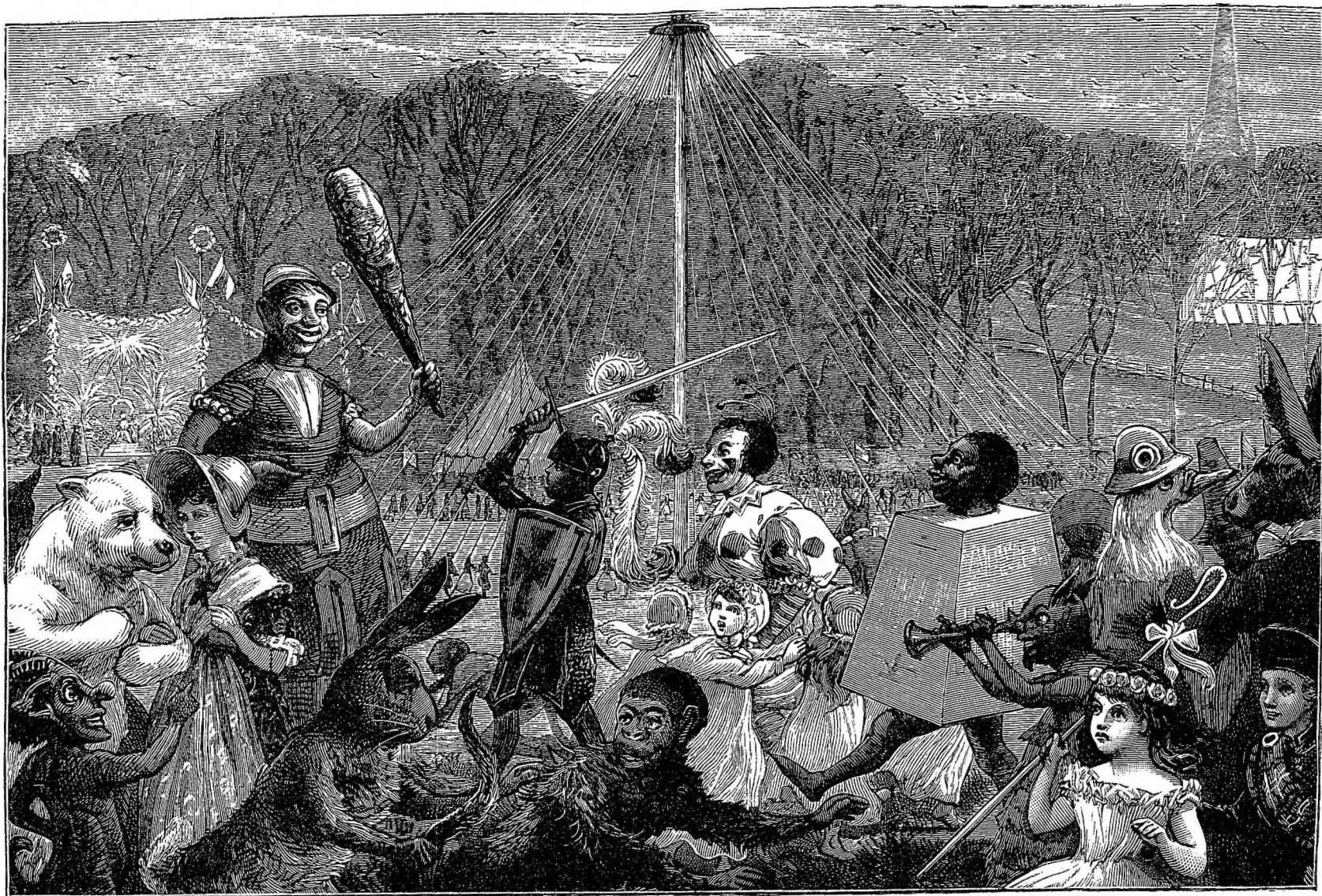
"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 477.

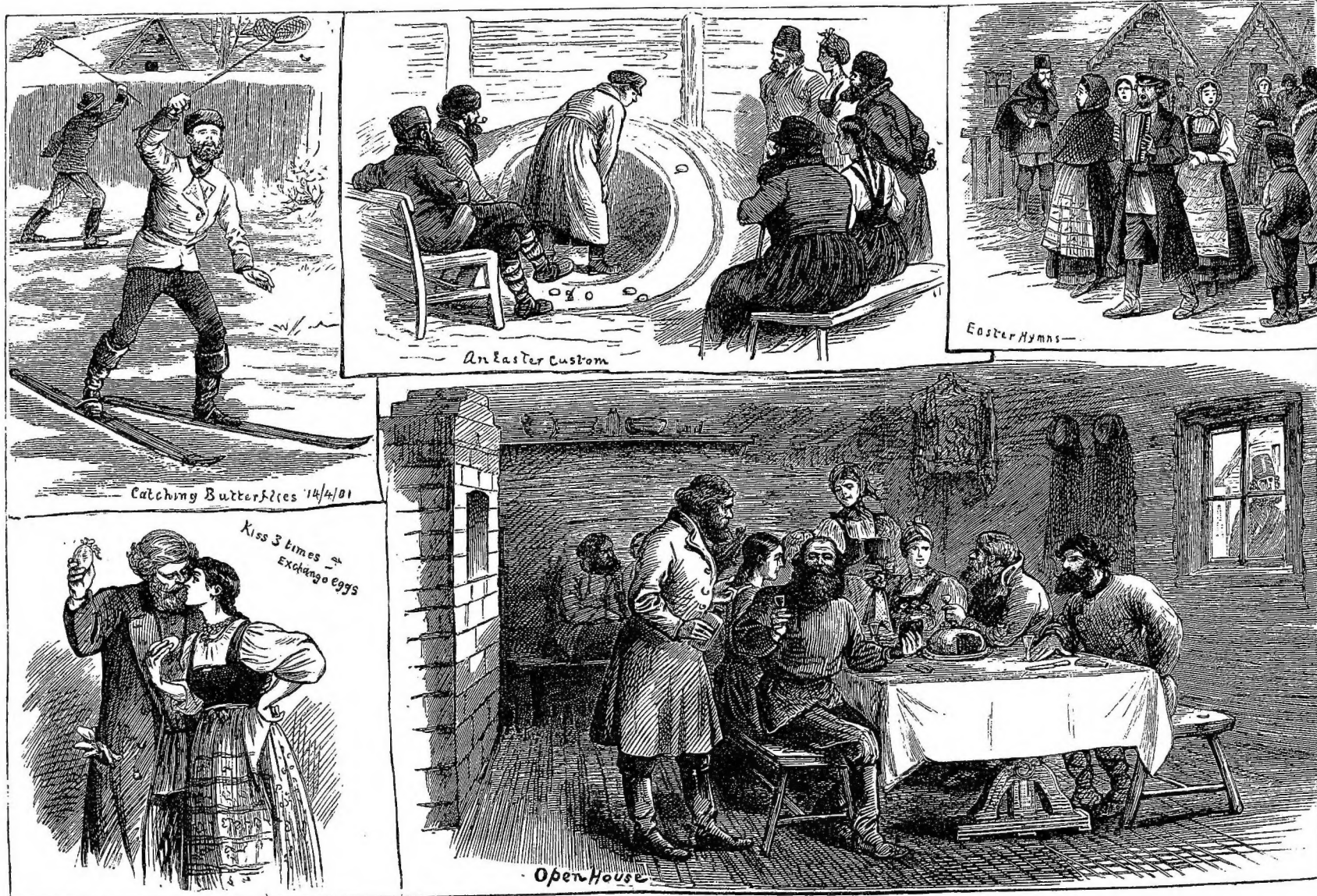
SKETCHES IN CHINA—II.

DURING the summer in China the thermometer often stands at 90° all through the night, and the unfortunate European, beset with mosquitoes which get inside the curtains despite his most ingenious preventive efforts, and tormented with the heat, often lies tossing about for hours, vainly courting the drowsy god. Perhaps the natives are wiser. Instead of trying to go to bed in a formal manner, they divest themselves of nearly all their clothing, and line the streets in all sorts of attitudes, endeavouring to cool down after the heat of the day. Meanwhile their copper-coloured forms are illuminated by the globular lanterns—red, blue, and yellow—of the tea-houses. The heat does not prevent them from chattering incessantly, and their talk is chiefly about money, buying, selling, and so forth. Towards the small hours they disperse homewards, leaving the streets in possession of the dogs, which then wrangle over the garbage or bark at any European wayfarer.

Ceremonial dinners in China are very lengthy, and consist of innumerable courses, but ordinary every-day meals last no longer than our own. When everybody is seated, a large bowl of some succulent mess is placed upon the table. This the host stirs up with his chop-sticks, at the same time inviting the guests to help themselves. Thereupon arms are outstretched, and tempting morsels dexterously drawn with chopsticks from the steaming bowl. Tea is the chief beverage, but wine (really a strong spirit) is always introduced at ceremonial banquets, and often at ordinary dinners. The host takes a cup of hot wine in his right hand, places the outstretched fingers of the left against the cup, and begs the guests to drink. It is not customary for an individual to drink alone, every-



MAY-DAY FÊTE AT WORSLEY, MANCHESTER



EASTERTIDE IN RUSSIA

NOTES BY OUR ARTIST AT A VILLAGE NEAR GATSKHINA, WHERE THE CZAR NOW RESIDES



THE RECENT SEVERE WINTER—DARTMOOR PONIES IN SEARCH OF A FEED

body bows to everybody else, and there is drinking all round. Some Chinese dinner-customs are rather repellent than attractive to Europeans, as, for example, when the host presents to his most honoured guest the family toothpick, or hands him some tit-bit from the bowl on greasy chopsticks just drawn from his own mouth.

In fine weather the street story-tellers do a thriving trade. Perched up behind structures improvised for the occasion, they relate the marvellous deeds of Chinese heroes. The wondering listeners calmly swallow all these incredible stories.

Chinese boats are called *sanpans*, and though roughly made are wonderfully strong. They are heavy, yet skim over the water remarkably well. A sail can easily be rigged up, for John Chinaman, though industrious from necessity, is not the man to work when he can call in the aid of any other power.

Many an enjoyable hour is to be had in canoeing on the lakes, for the water is clear and the scenery is interesting. After the fatigue of propelling one's self, it is most refreshing to recline under the large leaves of the lotus-plant, and, under the influence of a fragrant cigar, dream of one's own country far, far away.

Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. E. H. Grimani, of Shanghai.

"ESCORT DUTY"

HERE we have a scene familiar to all dwellers in cities. Alike in Kensington Gardens, in the Paris Tuileries, in the Berlin Tiergarten, or the Vienna Prater, Mars may be seen carefully escorting Venus on her morning walk abroad to give Cupid an airing. In time of peace, however, Mars does not always deem it necessary to be so faithful to his trust as when on the field, and frequently finds his escort duty so pleasant a task that he loiters by the way, and fails to deliver up his charge in regulation time, whereupon poor Venus gets a scolding, and Cupid runs the chance of catching a bad cold from being slowly wheeled in the teeth of an east wind, or of sunstroke by being exposed to a July sun.—Our engraving of this, and of "Beating the Bounds," are from drawings by Mr. Alfred Pearse.

BEATING THE BOUNDS

Is a survival of an old Roman Catholic processional ceremony, in which priests and parishioners took part with much fervour, prayer and praise being offered up at various stopping-places. At the Reformation certain parts of the ceremony were abolished as objectionable; but the "useful and harmless part of the custom" was retained, and once a year, on one of the Rogation Days, which are the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Holy Thursday or Ascension Day, the rector, vicar, or curate, with the choir and the "substantial men of the parish," made the circuit of its boundaries in a similar fashion. In more recent times the duty of "beating the bounds" seems to have been relegated to the charity school boys, who led by the clergyman, and kept in order by the pompous beadle, marched round in procession, and at certain spots beat vigorously upon the walls with long white wands with which they were furnished. At times a good deal of rough play was indulged in, some of the smaller boys being bumped by their elders upon the various boundary stones; and, it being thought essential that the exact line of boundary should be followed, it was at times necessary for some of the boys to swim across a stream, pass through a pigsty, a cellar, or an oven. The custom is still kept in many parts of the country, and we believe it is punctiliously observed in the various parishes of the City of London.

IN THE SILVER REGION, COLORADO, U.S.A.

THE territory of Colorado, which in area is about equal to the United Kingdom, lies nearly midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It has been called the American Switzerland, as even its valleys lie many thousand feet above the sea. Besides enjoying a healthful climate, owing to its dry atmosphere and great elevation, so that it has for some years been a favourite resort for consumptive persons from the Eastern States, Colorado is reported to be a Paradise both for farmers and stock-raisers. The cereals are said to yield sometimes a hundred bushels to the acre; potatoes, turnips, and cabbages grow to a gigantic size; while the grasses afford most nutritive pasture.

But Colorado has still more potent attractions. Not only are coal and iron of excellent quality and in inexhaustible quantities found near Denver City, but there are abundant deposits of the precious metals. Gold, silver, and copper are frequently combined in one and the same ore—in fact, this region is perhaps the most productive in the world for gold and silver.

Leadville is one of those typical cities which spring up in America with mushroom-like rapidity. It is 156 miles from Denver, the capital of Colorado, and upwards of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is only about two years old, yet it boasts of gas, water-works, street-cars, a telephone, two railway termini, and more than 30,000 inhabitants. The flimsy buildings which served the needs of the first comers are now being replaced by strong and substantial structures. It is the centre of the great carbonate silver region, and is daily increasing in wealth and population.

The natural parks are among the most striking features of Colorado. They are known respectively as the North, Middle, South, and San Luis Parks. The three former are each about as big as Yorkshire, the last is twice the size of Wales. The scenery is of a genuinely park-like character, wooded glades expanding into open meadows, while the hills abound in game, and the streams are full of fish. The Middle Park—a scene from which is depicted—is surrounded by mountains 13,000 to 14,500 feet high. The region is volcanic, and is famous for its hot sulphur springs.

Breckenridge is a town in the carbonate silver belt. It was in a very prosperous condition last summer, fresh strikes of rich ore being made daily.

The Abyss of Desolation is situated on Pike's Peak, which is one of the principal mountains in the chain which traverses Colorado, and is 14,350 feet above sea-level. There is an excellent bridle-path to the summit. On the highest point of the Peak is placed the United States Weather Signal Station.—Our engravings are from photographs by J. Collier, 415½, Larimer Street, Denver.



LORD SALISBURY was on Monday unanimously chosen to be Leader of the Opposition in the Upper House. The meeting of Peers was held at the residence of the Marquis of Abergavenny, and the Duke of Richmond, who presided, distinctly stated that the choice referred only to the leadership in the House of Lords, and said that as foreign affairs would for a long time occupy the most prominent position in the attention of Parliament, it could hardly be contended that any one was better fitted for the post. Lord Salisbury, in returning thanks, paid a tribute to the memory of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, and to the sound leadership of the Duke of Richmond.

THE BEACONSFIELD MEMORIAL.—The Birmingham Reform League, and several other Radical Associations, have adopted resolutions protesting against the erection of a national monument to the late Lord Beaconsfield on the ground that it would be regarded as giving a national sanction to the policy of aggression, war, and imperialism, and as opposed to the spirit and feeling of the people in

favour of freedom, peace, and justice.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone has published a letter stating that his recent speech at Leeds in reference to Lord Beaconsfield has been persistently misinterpreted; the words "missed without grief" being ungenerously wrenched from their context, which shows that they have only reference to policy, whilst the great qualities and character of the man are fully recognised.—The Vicar of Hughenden, the Rev. Henry Blagden, has issued an appeal for funds towards the decoration of the church and the erection of a spire as a private and personal memorial to the late Earl.

IRELAND has this week been somewhat quieter, but still reports of outrages come in with too great frequency. Mr. Daly, the editor of the *Castlebar Telegraph*, has been released from Kilmainham on account of his wife's delicate health. Mr. Dillon is in the prison infirmary, though it is said that he is not suffering from any particular ailment. At several Land League meetings on Sunday protests were made against his arrest, and against Mr. Parnell's policy with regard to the second reading of the Land Bill, which has also been condemned by Archbishop Croke as "foolish and imprudent." Mr. Parnell, in a letter to the Archbishop, contends that in the absence of any suitable declaration by the Government he is bound to urge upon the party the maintenance of an attitude of abstention, and to take care that the just claims of the country, after its arduous struggles and its many sacrifices, should not be compromised by a too easy acceptance of an imperfect, and in some cases, perhaps, a mischievous measure. On Wednesday Mr. Forster, addressing some of his constituents at Bradford, expressed his confidence that the Land Bill would pass the House of Commons without much amendment; and that the Lords would not act imprudently, but pass it also.

MR. BRADLAUGH continues to engage a large share of public attention, although the Government measure introduced to enable him, and others like him, to enter Parliament without hindrance makes but slow progress. He has issued an "Appeal to the People," in which he complains of the House of Commons having overridden the Law, and of the conduct of unscrupulous antagonists in trying to excite religious, political, and social prejudices against him; and in a speech at Woolwich on Saturday he declared that he made no demand for generosity, but he would have right, and, if necessary, he would organise in support of his claims the largest open-air meetings that it was possible to gather in London. The Protestant Alliance is getting up a petition against the proposed legislation admitting Atheists to Parliament, and the religious papers are full of indignant letters on the subject. Lord Selborne, replying to a clerical correspondent, says that it is part of his idea of Christianity that equal justice is due to "Christian and infidel," and that he cannot be persuaded that the cause of religion is likely to be advanced by making a martyr of Mr. Bradlaugh or any other such man.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.—On Tuesday, H.R.H. Prince Leopold laid the foundation stone of the new College for Technical Education, established in Finsbury by the City and Guilds of London Institute. The building will contain two lecture-rooms, and a number of class-rooms, and pending its erection instruction is now being given in chemistry and physics as applied to arts and manufactures at the Cowper Street Schools adjoining.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT (Brush system) is now in use in the Foreign Newspaper Room at the General Post Office, sixteen lamps of 2,000 candle power having been substituted for the 400 gas jets which formerly supplied the illumination. Not only is the light better, but the temperature of the apartment is reduced from 87 deg. to 67 deg. Fahrenheit.

AN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP BARRACKS was made at Chester last week by some unknown persons, who hung a travelling bag filled with some explosive substance on a nail driven into the wall. The explosion, being in the open air, did little or no damage beyond breaking a few panes of glass. Two men were arrested near the spot, but immediately released, it being shown that they were respectable people, and at present the affair is involved in mystery.

REWARDS FOR BRAVERY.—Nineteen men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, who had displayed conspicuous bravery during the last five years in saving sixty-seven lives, last week received medals at the hands of the chairman of the Metropolitan Board.



BOTH Houses of Parliament were crowded on Monday. In both the business of the evening was identical, Mr. Gladstone in one House and Earl Granville in the other having undertaken to move a resolution for the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey to the late Lord Beaconsfield. In the Lords there was the added attraction of the incident of Lord Salisbury's taking the seat of Leader of the Opposition, to which he had that day been elected.

The attraction in the Commons was of course Mr. Gladstone's speech. Every one was curious to know what he would say, and how he would say it. At the outset there was some fear that fresh ground would be supplied for scandal by the non-appearance of the Premier. He was not in his place at half-past four, although there were questions on the paper addressed to him. Of course there were people who positively knew that he was not coming, and many others who knew that he had never intended to come. A little before five he put an end to kindly conjecture by entering the House, and quietly taking his seat in the place reserved for him between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Forster. He looked very ill, though better than towards the end of the previous week. Having to deliver a funeral oration, he was dressed in deep mourning, whilst Sir Stafford Northcote, oddly as it seemed, appeared on Monday in ordinary morning dress, as he had done on the opening night after the Easter Recess, when the House was full of murmurs of regret for the death of his chief.

The proposal involving a vote of money made it necessary that it should be moved in Committee of the whole House, a form in which alone money proposals can be discussed. Mr. Labouchere had given notice of his intention that when the proposal was made that the Speaker should leave the chair he would move the previous question. This, if carried out, would have involved precedence for Mr. Labouchere, whilst Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote would have been placed in the position of answering a speech instead of pronouncing a eulogy. On representation being made it was at least admitted that this would not be decorous, and, the forms of the House being calculated to meet most emergencies, it was arranged that the Speaker should forthwith leave the Chair, that Mr. Gladstone should make his statement in Committee, and that thereupon Mr. Labouchere should move that the Chairman leave the Chair, which if carried before a decision had been arrived at would of course be tantamount to a rejection of the proposal.

Mr. Gladstone's speech went far beyond expectation. Sir Stafford Northcote described it in a single happy sentence. It was "nobly conceived and nobly expressed." The Premier used throughout the deeper notes of his rich voice, which of late has seemed to lose something of its clearness, a quality that, temporarily at least, came back on Monday night. There was nothing in the shape of noisy demonstration, members having an impression that they were standing at a still-open grave. But when the Premier resumed

his seat there was a burst of cheering to which both sides contributed voices. Sir Stafford Northcote did not reach the high level of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, and in the engrossing admiration for the effort of the Premier the speech of the Leader of the Opposition has scarcely received its due meed of praise. But nothing could have been better, either in matter or manner, than the few words spoken by Lord Beaconsfield's trusted lieutenant. Sir Stafford was deeply affected, being evidently much touched by the remarks of the Premier. In the opening sentences he could scarcely control his voice. But this evidence of natural feeling added to the effect of his speech something that art would have failed to confer.

After these speeches, and in presence of the emotion created by them throughout the House, Mr. Labouchere had a difficult task to perform. To do him justice, it must be recorded that if he was at all sensible of embarrassment he was successful in concealing all traces of the feeling. He even lingered over his task, making his speech so long as to call forth signs of impatience from men who were prepared to vote with him. Mr. Cairne seconded the amendment without remark, but Mr. Arthur O'Connor had much to say to which the House did not listen. At this time it seemed probable that the Irish Members would assert their birthright, and make the debate their own. There were several movements on the part of Mr. Biggar which indicated intention of continuing the controversy. But that great man finally resolved to leave the reputation of his country in the hands of Mr. O'Connor, though after the division had been taken he interposed, and suggested to Mr. Gladstone that, perhaps since 54 had voted against the resolution in the face of 380 in its favour, it would be well not further to proceed with the motion. Mr. Gladstone differed from Mr. Biggar, and the resolution, being put from the Chair, was agreed to without dissent.

After this the Irish Land Bill came on for further discussion, the proceedings for several hours partaking of the curious character formerly noted in connection with this debate. The mere mention of the title of the Bill drove members out in scores and hundreds, leaving Mr. Errington, who resumed the debate, to address about a dozen members. In this condition hon. gentlemen from either side delivered long and doubtless valuable essays on the Irish Land question. Sir John Holker, who had a speech ready which he had desired to deliver on the previous Thursday, now discharged his duty, the conclusion of which both he and the House were glad to hail. Close upon midnight Mr. Bright rose, and the House filled up. Mr. Bright spoke for upwards of one hour, but it is not likely to be claimed for him that he added anything worthy to the long list of speeches he has made on the Land Question. He seemed infected with the tone of the debate, and plodded on with unaccustomed prosiness, only now and then turning aside to prod the ribs of Sir John Holker, a gentleman for whom in his political character he has a strong antipathy. After Mr. Bright came Sir Richard Cross, and matters returned to the fearsome dullness of the early part of the sitting. Sir Richard Cross was doubtless contributing some wholesome criticisms on the question. But what he said was heard only by a few in his immediate neighbourhood. Sir Stafford Northcote was fast asleep, so was Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, and so were a dozen more members.

They all awakened at one o'clock in the morning, when the debate was adjourned, and the question of a morning sitting for the furtherance of the Oaths Bill came on. This was successfully resisted, and on Tuesday the House, meeting at its usual time, was once more confronted by Mr. Bradlaugh, who, striding up to the table, demanded that the oath should be administered to him. It was anticipated that the pending row would be more boisterous than ever, and that it could end only in Mr. Bradlaugh's committal to prison. But the member for Northampton, taking note of the tone and general temper of the House, appeared in submissive mood, and consented to be led out by the Sergeant-at-Arms after the House had agreed to a resolution forbidding him to re-enter. The Irish members occupied some hours of the evening with complaint of the arrest of Mr. Dillon. Mr. Parnell, by way of bringing the question on out of order, had moved the adjournment of the House, and when at nine o'clock the question was put it was generally agreed that the House could not do better than adjourn, which it forthwith did.

On Wednesday the House passed the Second Reading of the Newspaper Libel Bill, and rejected a measure removing the disabilities of clergymen to sit in Parliament. Sir Wilfrid Lawson gave notice that on Friday he will move a resolution declaring illegal the resolution of the 26th April by which Mr. Bradlaugh was prevented from taking the oath.



MR. W. G. WILL'S *Juana*, produced at the COURT Theatre on Saturday evening, would ten or fifteen years ago have been instantly vetoed on what may be called the previous question. It is not only in blank verse, but it is a tragedy, and moreover, as a mere glance at the manuscript would have sufficed to show, it is a tragedy of a particularly gloomy kind. Nowadays, however, managers have no foregone conclusions, at least when the play is by a practised writer. Who shall say that the public object to a sombre story in the face of the well-deserved success of that fine play *All for Her*? or of the unbroken prosperity of the LYCEUM in play *Horror*. *Juana* was indeed well received, and it may possibly be destined to achieve success. But that is a matter which concerns the critic less than the question whether it is a good play. We are decidedly of opinion that, in spite of some merits, it is not a good play. Its faults lie in the very substance of its story. Mr. Will's theme is self-sacrifice, which is a noble theme; but he has not been successful in dignifying it, or in presenting it in such a way as to move audiences to that deep feeling of sympathy which is the essential object of the tragic drama. The scene is laid in Spain, four centuries ago. A young student, inspired with a secret and a hopeless passion for a noble lady, has taken vows and become "Friar" John. Believing that he has conquered and subdued his passion, he enters the household of the lady, finds that she marries a worthless gallant Don Carlos, who insults and degrades her till, driven absolutely mad, she slays her husband. In this position of affairs the Friar is for her sake guilty of the pious fraud of accusing himself of the crime, and he is about to be punished by being immured alive, when the lady, suddenly recovering her reason, tells the true story, rescues him, and dies. Mr. Will's play is so constructed that if the spectator cannot feel great pleasure in the contemplation of Friar John's heroism, there is absolutely nothing else to hold his sympathies. The love scenes between Don Carlos and Juana are pretty, but the object of the lady's passion is too manifestly a worthless fellow to make them interesting in themselves. As regards the lady, she is depicted as having an hereditary disposition to insanity; her crime is committed when she is morally irresponsible, and might therefore almost as well have been unprovoked, and her insane ravings and wanderings produce none of the fine contrasts and sublime encounters which furnish the grandeur and pathos of *King Lear*. But as to the self-sacrifice, it is, as will have been already seen, nothing but an abortive intention. That Friar John was as capable of allowing himself to be immured alive as the hero of *All for Her* of going to the

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scaffold is no doubt probable. But it is in the nature of an incident of this kind to progress in intensity in a sort of geometrical ratio—insomuch that the last moment is really equal in force to all that has gone before; and this last moment never comes. The flesh is weak, and for aught that appears might have renounced the vicarious sacrifice, and told the truth. What really excited the audience on Saturday evening was the singular power—albeit of a painful and even at times a repulsive kind,—of Madame Modjeska's picture of insanity. Yet Mr. Barrett Wilson's performance of the part of the Friar was finely-studied, touched with deep feeling, and graced by a delivery full of truthful and delicate shades of expression. Obviously for the sake of contrast Mr. Wills has imagined another friar of the sensual, worldly-minded type, who is played by Mr. Anson, with a rather full development of the lines of the portrait. Don Carlos, represented by Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Clara Perez, a wicked lady, played by Miss Ada Ward, whose function it is to destroy, and to glory in destroying, the peace of the unhappy Juana, are not to be objected to because they are odious, but because their odiousness is no element in a well-balanced story. The scenery, painted by Messrs. Beverly, Hall, and Hann, is from drawings by Mr. C. W. Godwin, who is also responsible for the designs of the beautiful costumes. Both are worthy of the highest poetical work.

The interest excited by the performance of *Othello* at the LYCEUM on Monday evening, when Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth exchanged parts, was hardly less than was manifested on the previous Monday, when Mr. Booth played the Moor and Mr. Irving Iago. The feeling could hardly be said to be one of curiosity, for Mr. Irving's impersonation of Othello on the same stage is well remembered by his admirers, and Mr. Booth has only very recently played the part of his crafty and malicious tempter. These special performances, however, have an international character. They would be interesting, if for nothing else, for bringing together two actors so distinguished who in this country at least are not very likely to be again brought into conjunction. With them, moreover, is Miss Ellen Terry, of whose exquisite performance of Desdemona we have lately spoken; and lastly there is the rare splendour of this revival. Mr. Irving's performance of Othello some five years ago was the least successful of his Shakespeare impersonations; but he has manifestly bestowed on the part since then a very careful study. He has divested himself above all of that irritating excess in movement and gesture which seemed so foreign to the inborn dignity and moral elevation of the Moor. When we add that his fault now is even an excess of deliberation and of stateliness of manner, it will be seen at once by how far it is removed from his former impersonation. With the dressing of the part Mr. Irving has taken especial pains, with the result of at least gratifying the eye if somewhat at the expense of the manly soldierly character of the Moor, in whom Oriental foppishness can hardly be imagined to be a prominent foible. Mr. Irving even wears gold earrings, and necklaces of triple rows of pearls. How many richly brocaded silk cloaks of ample dimensions he wears from first to last it would be hard to remember at a guess. The performance was witnessed by a brilliant audience.

The new piece at the OLYMPIC called *The Exiles of Erin; or, St. Abe and his Seven Wives*, and founded on a humorous poem by Mr. Robert Buchanan, both amazed and amused those who witnessed its first performance on Saturday night. It had no doubt a certain charm of its own, for the spectator felt impelled to remain till he had seen how the extraordinary production should end. Its comic situations represent the trials of a Mormon saint, whose seven wives of different nationalities, all in full-dress national costume, are a great deal too many for him. Difficulties are increased when he falls madly in love with one of the number, and at last he resolves upon an elopement with his own wife. The imagination which runs riot in the tragic passages of the piece is somewhat deficient in these scenes, which ought to be much firmer. Out of them a farce might perhaps be constructed, while the rest of a play, so absurd in its suggestions and its situations, might be banished from the stage, or stored away to furnish hints for some tragedy-burlesque. The good humour of Miss Lizzie Williams, acting as Biddy Linny, a roving Irish colleen, the melodramatic fervour of Mr. William Redmund, and the performances generally of Miss Harriet Jay, Mr. Calhaem, Mr. Compton, Mr. M'Intyre, Mr. Arnold, and others of the cast received fair recognition from the audience, which, comprising a number of the class who delight in sensational scenes, were at times prodigal of applause, and were laughingly joined in their demonstrations by playgoers who manifestly treated the whole performance as a joke.

Mr. Sims's new piece at the ROYALTY, *The Member for Sloum*, is a clever re-setting of an old French piece—*Le Supplice d'un Homme*, which has already been adapted to our stage. As it only turns upon the theme of a husband who arouses the inconvenient suspicions of a jealous wife by secret dalliance—though of a perfectly innocent kind—with a mysterious lady, it cannot be said to present anything very novel; but it is ingeniously directed to the developing of lively situations, and the dialogue, as will be expected, is full of amusing passages. Miss Lawler plays the part of the mysterious lady, Mr. Arthur Williams that of the unfortunate husband; and other characters furnish full employment for the talents of the Royalty company.

This evening Mr. McCullough, the American tragedian at DRURY LANE Theatre, will appear in the character of Othello.

A CONTINENTAL VIEW OF "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY

A CRITIC writes as follows in the *Independence Belge* of the 30th ult.:—"An original little exhibition which deserves a visit is that of *The Graphic*. This journal has repeated this year that which it tried with success last year; it has appealed to certain artists who are now in fashion, and has asked each of them to send a picture to form a Gallery of 'Types of Feminine Beauty.' Several French painters have contributed this year to the enterprise. M. Jacquet has sent an original and attractive face, which has, however, only an intellectual beauty. M. Paul Baudry exhibits a very young girl, who has much the air of a little Parisian milliner; she is of a Jewish type, with olive skin and lively black eyes. We hesitate to award her the palm of beauty. The picture is finely done; but this sweet face has something of the invalid and sufferer which is a little displeasing. M. Goupil is represented by a pretty Fleming with satin skin, but with cold aspect and selfish expression; there is beauty in that porcelain tint, in that pitiless eye, in that well-proportioned form, and in that harmony of tones so delicately mingled; but is it true beauty? I should like better, had she not such broad shoulders, the three-quarter figure of that fair woman with a 'wealth of tresses,' signed Henri Lévy. She recalls somewhat of the Empress Eugénie twenty years ago; at any rate she is a beautiful creature. M. Cot (Pierre Auguste) has not sought his æsthetic aspiration in the world of Society; he has taken a young country girl in her Sunday garments, and makes us admire her look of robust health, the delicate peach-like down on her cheeks, and her eyes, which could be languishing if they pleased. Her forehead is rather low; we feel that here there is only a good and modest village soul, a trifle narrow perhaps. Now for the last canvas, a Rubens; it is a gay courtesan, of rich colouring, with voluptuous looks and sensual lips, by Carolus Duran.

"The English artists are represented by more angelic types; but almost all of them remind us of the insipid faces which we see in chromo-lithograph upon the Christmas sweetmeat boxes. Mr.

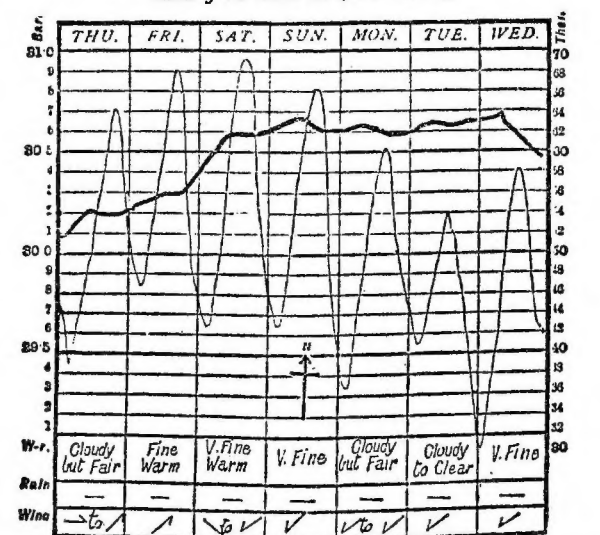
Leslie has certainly had a pretty girl as his model, she is fresh, modest, and full of the enjoyment of life; but he has painted without relief, and his colouring is cold and flat. Mr. Storey, too, deserves the same blame, with this additional defect, that his unaffected beauty in morning cap has features which are irregular and without any interest. Mr. Morris shows us the tip of the nose of a bride who hides herself in her white veil, and has rather the air of a ghost. Mr. Marcus Stone gives us a mournful creature in a constrained attitude. Mr. Hopkins presents a young and bashful girl, with downcast eyes, which is one of the most honest and original works in this Exhibition. Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, does not appear at his best. The girl whom he exhibits, scarcely correct in drawing, polished beyond measure, so as to be absolutely glossy, suggests to us neither beauty nor grace. The last picture is perhaps the best of the English collection: it is a delightful little "Miss," fresh, refined, and modest, but unfortunately lacks life and reality.

"Who then deserves the palm? I answer with the poet:—

"Find out if you can, select if you dare?"

DOCTOR OR LAWYER?—The result of the contest for the office of Coroner for Central Middlesex must be satisfactory to all except those who felt a personal interest in the defeated candidate Mr. Bolton, inasmuch as, whilst he is only a solicitor, Dr. Danford Thomas, who polled 2,043 votes against 361, possesses the double qualification of medical and legal knowledge, besides having a further personal claim upon the constituency by reason of several years' practical experience in the capacity of Deputy Coroner under the late Dr. Hardwicke, whom he now succeeds. It will thus be seen that the old controversy as to the comparative suitability of doctors and lawyers for the office was not in reality involved in the election, although it was imported into it by the respective candidates and their supporters; and after the declaration of the poll Dr. Thomas declared that it "showed a vast preponderance of opinion in favour of a medical coroner." This might very justly have been claimed had Dr. Thomas been a medical man only, as his opponent was simply a man of legal training; but we are disposed to think that had this been the case the result would have been very different. The office of a coroner is clearly one of a judicial character. It is his business to determine whether an inquest shall be held, to summon the jury, to prepare depositions, to examine the witnesses, to explain to them the nice distinctions which the law makes between manslaughter and murder, and to decide other legal points which may arise, such as the admissibility of particular items of evidence, &c., and finally to make out the warrants of commitment in cases where the jury have returned a verdict of murder or manslaughter. All these functions are of a purely legal character, and the person who has to perform them should therefore be a member of the legal profession. On the other hand, an intimate knowledge of medicine (though it would unquestionably assist in arriving at a conclusion as to the cause of death in very many cases such as are likely to come before a coroner), does not seem to be so absolutely essential a requirement for the office, since all the routine duties can be performed without it, and medical witnesses can be, and as a matter of fact are, called in whenever necessary. In any case it seems clear that a doctor destitute of legal knowledge would experience greater difficulty in the performance of the duties of the office than would a lawyer who knew absolutely nothing about the healing art. It will be remembered that the late Government brought in a Bill making barristers and solicitors only eligible for the office of coroner, a measure which had its justification in the extremely loose fashion in which some inquests have of late years been conducted by non-legal coroners, and which would doubtless have received the sanction of Parliament had not Obstruction made it necessary to include it in the "Slaughter of the Innocents."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MAY 5 TO MAY 11 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of the week there was a large area of high pressure lying over France, while some small subsidiary disturbances were passing across the more northern points of the United Kingdom. The weather in London was little affected by these disturbances, but the wind was drawn in the south-west, and remained in that quarter until Saturday (7th inst.), when the area of high pressure moved northward to our Midland counties, and a north-easterly breeze set in in London. The anti-cyclone has since continued to travel northward, and the north-easterly winds have become more decided, while at the same time the thermometer has fallen several degrees, the maximum on Tuesday (10th inst.) being 15 deg. lower than on Saturday (7th inst.). The air has been extremely dry. A sharp frost occurred on Wednesday morning (11th inst.), the thermometer exposed on the grass being as low as 21 deg. At the close of the period the barometer was beginning to give way briskly in the north, and the high pressure area seemed to be receding southward again. Should these changes continue westerly winds and mild, damp weather may be looked for. The barometer was highest (30.66 inches) on Sunday (8th inst.) and Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (30.08 inches) on Thursday (5th inst.); range, 0.58 inches. Temperature was highest (69 deg.) on Saturday (8th inst.); lowest (31 deg.) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range, 38 deg. No rain has fallen.

GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The life of a governess is too often a thankless and monotonous round of toil, which would in many cases be without prospect of alleviation but for the aid of such kind friends as those who founded the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. The annual dinner was held on Wednesday, and the claims warmly urged by the Chairman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. It aims at the relief of governesses in temporary difficulty, the granting of annuities to aged governesses, and encouraging them to invest their savings towards this end; it provides a home for the disengaged, with free registration, and an asylum for the aged, two of whom are reported as being respectively ninety-four and eighty-five, and in good health. Those of our readers who may desire to aid and know more of the institution may do so by applying to the Secretary, Mr. Charles William Klugh, at the offices, 32, Sackville Street, W.



THREE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIANS have been elected—Messrs. Briton Rivière and W. W. Oulless, painters, and Mr. T. O. Barlow, engraver.

THE PRINTERS' PENSION, ALMSHOUSE, AND ORPHAN ASYLUM CORPORATION.—The Right Hon. Earl Spencer will preside at this year's festival of this institution.

POPE LEO XIII. occupies his leisure time in composing Latin verse, and, as an Easter gift, presented his favourite Cardinals with a poem lauding the virtues and glory of divers saints.

THE DUTCH continue remarkably active in Polar exploration. The little *Willem Barents*, which has already made three Arctic voyages, again started Polarwards last Saturday from Amsterdam. She is expected home again before the winter.

"EYE-PEEPING" is now the favourite game for social evenings in New York. As our readers are probably aware, two holes are made in a screen, against which some person hidden behind places his eyes, and the audience in front have to guess to whom the eyes belong.

FAKE HAIR is being largely adopted by Japanese belles. At the last New Year drawing-room a Japanese lady found herself growing bald, and after much tribulation decided to put on a false chignon. Her example was so admired that the fashion has spread enormously.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE ORNAMENTAL ART will open early in June at South Kensington, and the Committee ask members of old families to search for any specimens of ancient goldsmiths' work which may possibly be stowed away half-forgotten in their plate closets.

BODY SNATCHING IN THE UNITED STATES has so increased of late years that various expedients are tried to ensure the sanctity of the tomb. One gentleman who buried his daughter placed dynamite in the grave, so that it would explode if the ground was tampered with. So it did, and one of the body snatchers was fatally injured.

FROGS NEAR STRASSBURG have a hard battle for life. The storks which placidly inhabit the town chimney-pots are particularly attached to frog diet, while the Strassburgers consider no Sunday dinner in spring complete without a dainty dish of *grenouilles en blanquette*. Last month over 200,000 pairs of frog-legs were sold in Strassburg, and even then the citizens had to be contented with the storks' "leavings."

A FEMININE AMBASSADOR would certainly be a novelty in diplomatic circles, yet a New York "Solicitor and Attorney-at-Law" has actually applied to President Garfield for the Brazilian mission, setting forth her qualifications at great length. She says that she is identified with no particular faction, is familiar with the Consular regulations, is a fair linguist, and an intimate friend of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil.

THE WAR-SONG OF THE KROUMIRS is sung by the women of the tribe, who follow their lords to battle, and stimulate the combatants' courage by chanting stirring hymns during the conflict. In their arms they hold huge vases of henna, and fling a handful of the compound at the burrows of any warrior who shows signs of the white feather. Any Kroumir whose garment thus bears a suspicious red stain is excluded from the tribe for some months.

THE MUDDY CONDITION OF LONDON STREETS has created a most singular fashion in England, if we are to believe the Paris *Figaro*. "Some ingenious Britisher," says our lively contemporary, "has invented a 'muddy costume,' which from top to toe gives the wearer the appearance of having been plentifully splashed during a long day in the City. In this he can cross the dirtiest roads with impunity, and if he wishes for variety this costume is made in several styles, one suit being splashed only on one side, in order to give greater reality to the illusion."

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,472 deaths were registered, against 1,550 during the previous seven days, a decline of 82, being 87 below the average, and at the rate of 20.7 per 1,000. Fatal cases of small-pox numbered 88, an increase of 10, and exceeded the average by 35. The number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals at the end of the month was 1,093, a higher number than has been under treatment at these hospitals since the epidemic of 1871-72. There were 2,515 births registered against 2,829 in the previous week. The mean temperature was 51 deg., and 1.5 deg. above the average.

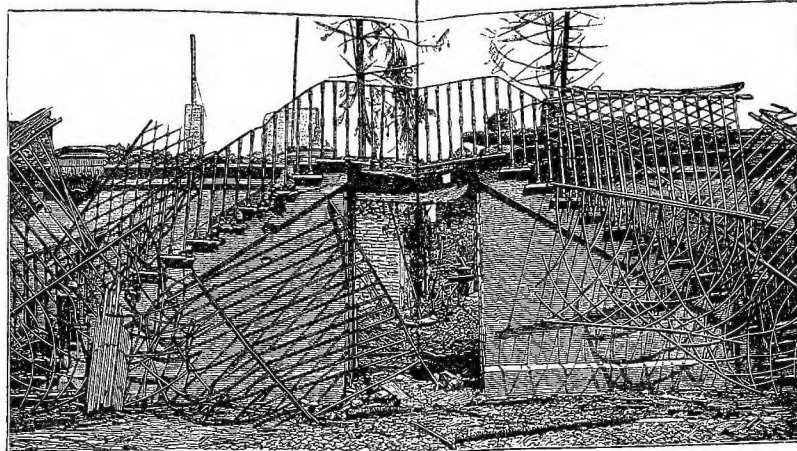
"TALKING BIG" is an acknowledged feature in American journalism, but perhaps one of the "tallest" comparisons is that complacently made by the *New York Herald* in a recent number respecting the immense size of the journal. "The New Testament," says an editorial, "is a work which people study for a lifetime without fathoming its tender and holy mysteries. The *Herald* this morning is as large almost as the New Testament. The Holy Bible is the embodiment of centuries of faith, precept, history, and revelation. . . . The *Herald* this morning is more than half the size of the Holy Bible." Talking of Transatlantic newspapers, by the way, we may mention that the United States now possess 962 dailies, of which 115 are published in New York alone, Pennsylvania claiming the next largest number, 98.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S COVERT THREAT to move the capital of the German Empire from recalcitrant Berlin to some more tractable city has put the Germans on the alert as to what town would be honoured by his choice. Prussian officials would not be warmly welcomed in every city, to judge by a story from Frankfurt, where a Prussian officer lately visiting the Dom had the benefit of the townspeople's opinions by the mouth of the sacristan. Amongst the various votive offerings of arms, legs, &c., hanging up in the chapels, the officer noticed a silver mouse. Inquiring for the story of this curious *ex voto*, he was told that Frankfurt was once afflicted by a plague of mice, from which she was only delivered by the offering of this silver mouse to the Virgin. The officer laughed aloud, and chaffed the sacristan for telling such histories, and more-over for believing them. "We may tell the legends," quoth the sacristan sharply, "but we don't believe them, for if we did, shouldn't we have offered the Virgin a silver Prussian long ago?"

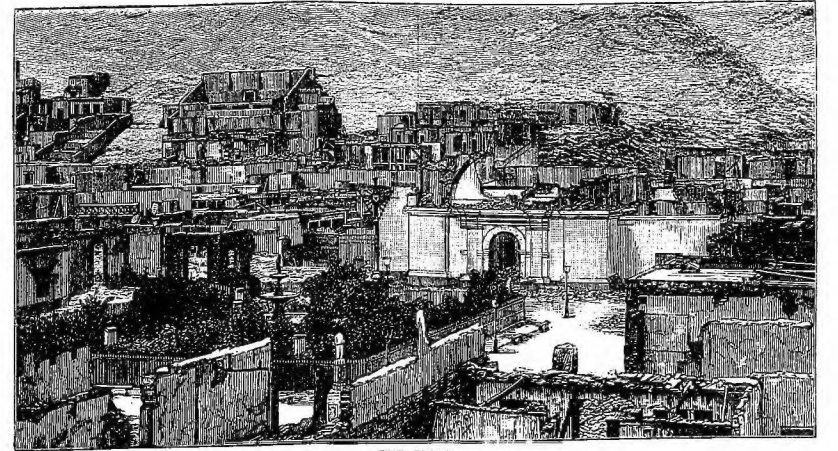
THE RIVALRY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH WAR CORRESPONDENTS, so amusingly portrayed in *Michael Strogoff*, is just now being carried out in real life by a British and a Gallic representative with the French forces in the Tunisian Expedition, according to a letter in the Paris *Temps* from its correspondent. The English "special" is determined to keep his paper well informed, notwithstanding the unwillingness of the French authorities to forward despatches, particularly in the case of a foreigner, so every morning he strolls carelessly about among the rocks till safely out of sight, then rushes to the muleteers' camp and drives a hard bargain for the conveyance of his precious letter. Back he comes as if from a simple botanising excursion, but he is hardly safe in his tent when the muleteer, eager to improve his bargain, steals cautiously to the tent of the French journalist, and suggests that he is going to the nearest town and is ready to take a despatch. So French and English "copy" travel in unconscious harmony, the muleteer pockets double fees, and each correspondent feels proud that he has outdone his colleague.



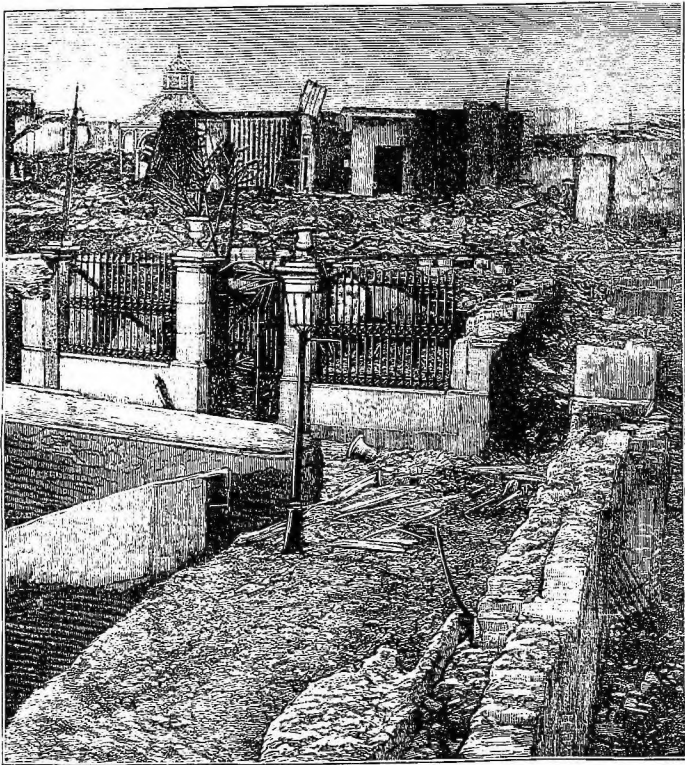
PELLISCO STREET



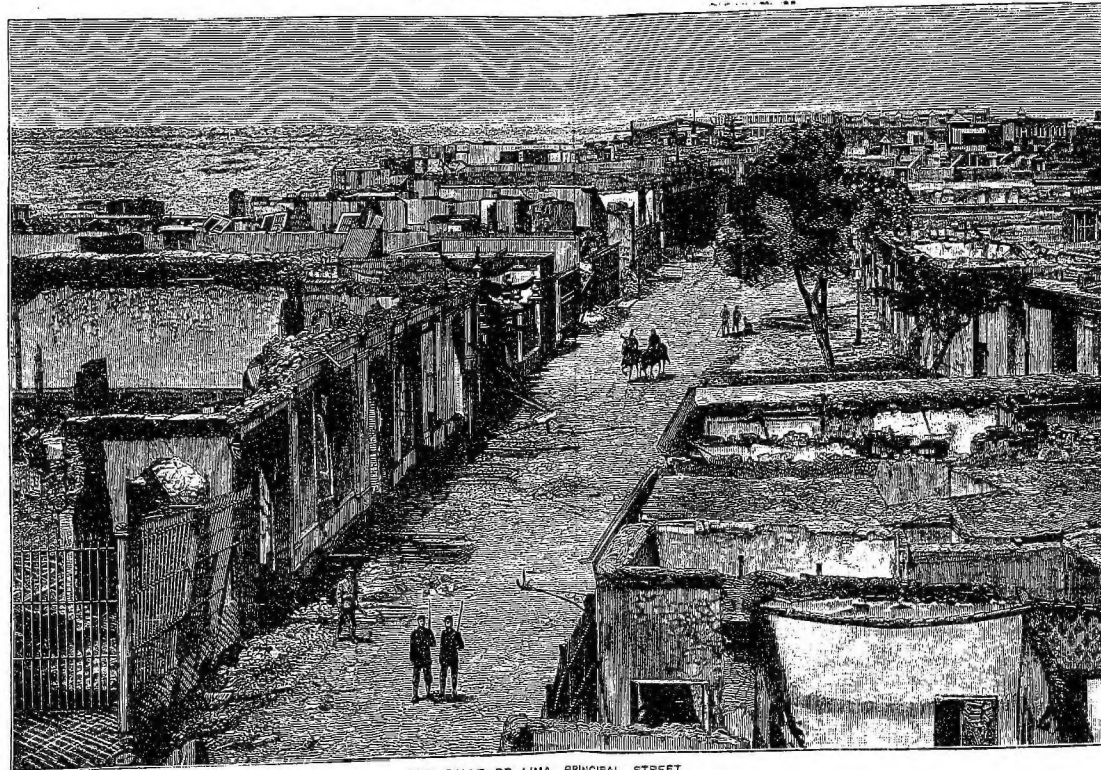
THE RANCHO OR HOUSE OF GENERAL PEZET



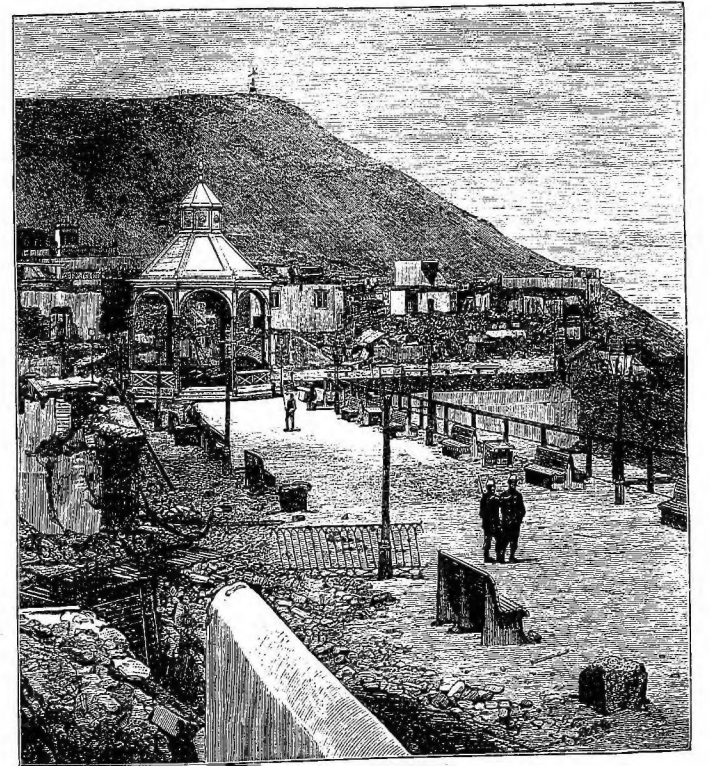
THE PLAZA



DERTEANA'S HOUSE



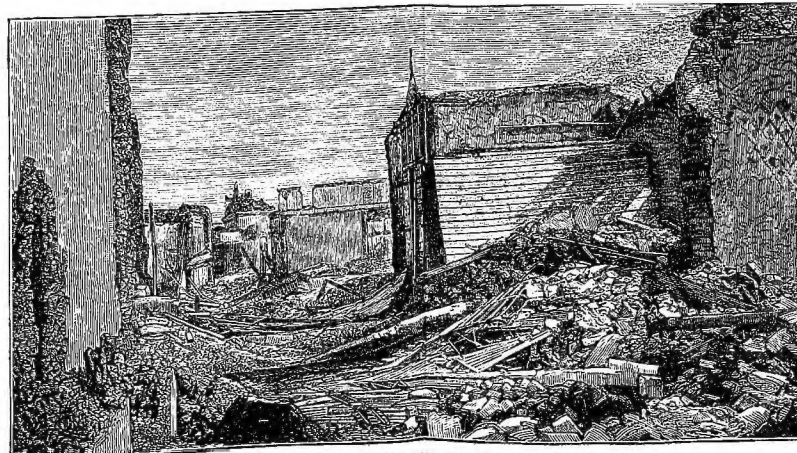
THE CALLE DE LIMA, PRINCIPAL STREET



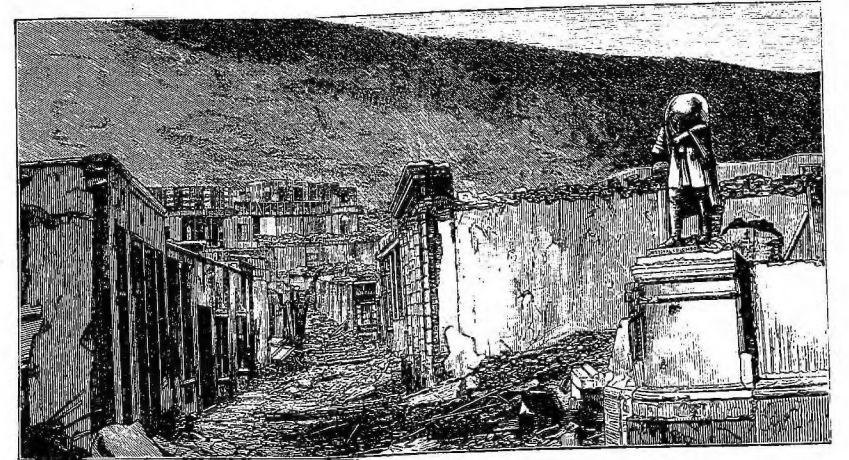
THE MALECON OR PROMENADE



THE CALLE DE LIMA, ANOTHER VIEW



COMMERCIAL STREET



THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT THE "FOUR CORNERS"

THE EFFECTS OF WAR

THE RUINS OF CHORRILLOS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF THE CAMPAIGN BETWEEN CHILI AND PERU



FRANCE AND TUNIS.—The French divisions continue to advance in Tunis, and meet with comparatively little resistance, as the Bey still enjoins strict neutrality upon the Arab tribes, and the Kroumirs have little or no organised force wherewith to oppose trained French troops. Indeed, so far as the Kroumirs themselves are concerned, the campaign seems almost at an end already, for on Sunday General Delebecque captured the Holy Shrine and Kroumir stronghold, the Marabout of Sidi Abdallah Ben Djemel. No resistance was offered, the place being abandoned the night before the arrival of the French, who found the "saint" the only inhabitant of the district. No pillage was allowed, and a cordon of troops was placed to protect a circle of 500 yards around the shrine, where the Kroumirs had placed quantities of abandoned goods to be under the protection of the sanctuary. This is the strongest position in the Kroumir district; but some opposition is anticipated in the Djelbir region, where the fugitives are thought to have taken refuge, as well as in the various ravines and woods in which the whole country abounds. The Meridj Pass also is expected to be defended, and General Delebecque is going to form an encampment before it. The bad weather and rains have delayed the advance of the other columns; but General Breart and his Biserta detachment are marching upon Tunis, being on Wednesday evening within a few miles of the Bardol Palace, and some 8,000 troops have already entered Mater, one of the richest and most thickly populated of the Tunisian provinces, whose inhabitants were only deterred from opposing the invasion by strict injunctions from the Bey.

The Bey himself has been sending numerous letters to the Powers, protesting against each step made by the French, and at the same time issues proclamations to his subjects urging them to offer no resistance to the invaders, as "in any case this difference will be arranged diplomatically and pacifically." The Porte too has now energetically protested to the Powers against the French expedition, but beyond this has taken no active steps in the matter, as it has been quietly informed by the French Government that if any Turkish ironclads appear in Tunisian waters they will be promptly fired upon by the Gallic fleet.

IN FRANCE itself the Tunisian expedition continues to be the all-absorbing topic, and M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire has sent abroad a Yellow Book with 233 despatches relative to Tunis, together with a circular setting forth the reasons which have prompted France to undertake the expedition. He dwells upon the continual raids which have been made during the past ten years by the Kroumirs upon French territory, and which, he declares, have been borne with "a patience which sometimes has surprised the world." But though the first object is the definitive pacification of the frontier, this would be nothing "if the bordering State (i.e., Tunis) remained hostile and threatening." Thereupon he launches into a series of accusations against the Bey for entertaining an antagonistic disposition towards France, and in proof of this cites the Enfida case, the Goletta Railway, the proposed submarine cable, and the opposition to the Soussa Railway. As for the asserted suzerainty of the Porte, M. St. Hilaire argues that Tunis practically asserted her independence in 1845, and that it was not until 1864 that the idea of vassalage was revived, when it was promptly vetoed by France. To sum up, France, for the sake of Algeria, must have the Bey for an ally, and moreover, as she has already carried out various notable improvements in the Regency, is the proper person to continue the civilisation of Tunis for the ultimate benefit not of France alone, but of all "civilised nations." The general opinion is that though Tunis itself will be occupied, the ultimate treaty which will be imposed will maintain—nominally at least—the Bey's independence.—There are no home topics of any interest. The Chambers were to reopen on Thursday, and the many domestic measures, including the much-talked-of *scrutin de liste* bill, will probably be delayed and complicated by the interpellations and debates arising out of the events of the expedition.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Greece has now officially accepted the propositions of the Powers, but has warned the foreign Ambassadors that, as considerable popular agitation and dissatisfaction exist, it is necessary that the Convention should be immediately concluded, and the ceded territory handed over without any further delay. Accordingly, the Ambassadors and the Turkish Commissioners held their first meeting on Tuesday at Constantinople.

Prince Alexander of BULGARIA, having vainly tried for the past two years to bring his Government into something approaching organisation and order, has at last lost patience, and taking affairs arbitrarily into his own hands, has ordered the Minister of War, General Ehrenroth, to form a provisional Cabinet, and to summon the Great National Assembly. He will ask this body practically to entrust the government of the country to his own keeping, and if the propositions which he will make are not accepted he will abdicate. At least so he declares in a proclamation, in which he complains bitterly of the failure of the organisation and regular development of the Principality. "To-day," he states, "our country is alike discredited abroad and in a condition of disorganisation at home. This state of things shakes the people's faith in justice and law." Such energetic action on the part of the Prince has been well received by his subjects, who on Tuesday assembled before his palace and enthusiastically cheered him; while the Metropolitan publicly appealed to the Prince to relinquish the idea of abdicating, and not to abandon Bulgaria.

RUSSIA.—Alexander III. has resolved to signalise his accession by completing his father's work of emancipating the serfs, and placing them upon an equal footing with other denizens of the Empire. Under the Ukase of Emancipation of 1861, the serfs were empowered to make voluntary arrangements with their former masters for the purchase of their holdings, in which they were assisted by the Government, who paid the purchase-money to the landlord, and in return required a yearly payment from the peasant. In the cases where such arrangements have not yet been made, the proprietors are given until 1883 to come to some agreement with the peasants, and in case of failure the Government will step in and make a compulsory settlement. As also in many cases the dues paid by the peasant have been too high, and numbers of the less prosperous Communes are consequently in arrear, all arrears will be cancelled, and the dues diminished according to the circumstances of each individual Commune. The proprietors will not suffer for this, as the Government will continue to allow them compensation at the old rate. The number of peasants whose burdens will thus be lightened is estimated at 3,701,487. This Ukase is generally considered to be mainly the work of General Melikoff.

Meanwhile, Alexander III. remains at Gatschina in complete seclusion, and a letter in *The Times* represents him as living a prey to terror of assassination. He seldom sees his Ministers, receives his *aides-de-camp* only twice a-week, and astonished the St. Petersburgers by appearing in the capital neither at the Mass of the fortieth day for his father's soul (a duty reckoned obligatory on a son in Russia), nor on Easter Sunday, when it has been the immemorial custom for every Russian to see and even kiss the Czar. When, also, Alexander left St. Petersburg, he fled in a train secretly stationed on a siding, while four imperial trains were drawn up at four different stations. On Wednesday, however, the Czar and Czarina came up to St.

Petersburg and held the usual Spring review of the troops quartered around the capital. On the same day an Imperial manifesto was published and distributed recalling the "martyrdom" of Alexander II., and calling upon all loyal subjects to assist in "the rooting out of the horrible sedition which dishonours the land of Russia." The Government is now accusing the Nihilists of having stirred up the agitation against the Jews at Elizabethgrad, where it appears that the town was literally devastated, whole streets were razed, and all the Jews' houses sacked and plundered—thousands of these unfortunate people being reduced to beggary, being now houseless, and living on charity.

AUSTRIA.—The marriage of the Crown Prince with the Princess Stephanie of Belgium took place on Tuesday, amid great festivities. The bride, accompanied by her father and mother, the King and Queen of the Belgians, arrived at Salzburg, on the frontier, on Thursday week, being met by the Crown Prince. Next day the Royal party went on to Vienna, being lodged in the suburban palace of Schönbrunn, the Emperor himself meeting his daughter-in-law at the station. Then began an endless round of official receptions, festivities, and popular demonstrations which it would be wearisome to enumerate. On Monday the Princess made her State entry into Vienna, which was bountifully adorned for the occasion, the houses in the narrower streets being literally thronged with bunting, while the line of the procession was densely thronged with thousands of spectators from every part of the Empire. The procession itself was as gorgeous as such displays are wont to be, the State carriage in which rode the Princess and her mother being drawn by milk-white steeds of true Spanish descent. At the open space before the Elizabeth Bridge, the official reception took place. Here the Ministers and State dignitaries were assembled, and the Burgomaster read the inevitable address of welcome, the Queen and Princess making appropriate replies. The *cortège* then went on to the Burg, where the Emperor and Empress and the whole Court had assembled to greet the bride, amid the pealings of bells and salvos of artillery. On Tuesday the wedding ceremony was solemnised in the Chapel of the Burg, by Cardinal Schwarzenburg, Prince-Archbishop of Prague, before the Emperor and Empress, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and a most brilliant congregation of princely guests, amongst whom was the Prince of Wales. The Cardinal addressed the young couple, reminding them that twenty-seven years previously the Emperor and Empress were united at that very altar. The service concluded, the Crown Prince and Princess returned to the palace, and, after receiving the congratulations of the Diplomatic Body, and partaking of a family dinner, drove off to Laxenburg, for their brief honeymoon.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck and the Reichstag do not appear to be getting on any better together. The Deputies have declined to accept his proposition to impose a tax upon persons exempted from military service, and have refused to entertain the suggestion for biennial Budgets, while, however, accepting that for quadrennial Parliaments. Prince Bismarck is consequently exceedingly irritated with the Deputies, and ostentatiously declares that he gets more assistance from the newly-created Economic Council than from the Reichstag. Increasing years has certainly not taught the great statesman the "magic of patience."

SOUTH AFRICA.—Sir Hercules Robinson having arrived at Newcastle, the Royal Commission was formally opened on Tuesday. The proceedings, however, are kept strictly private, no members of the Press being admitted. It is stated that two companies of the 24th will march to re-occupy Potchefstroom. They will be escorted by a detachment of 250 cavalry. The most gloomy accounts come from the Transvaal, where the Boers are discontented, the loyalists even more so, and the natives threaten a general rising on the withdrawal of our troops from South Africa. A delegation of loyalists have left for England.

Mr. Sprigg having resigned, a new Ministry has been formed at Cape Town, under Mr. Molteno.—It is stated that the Basutos have refused the terms proffered by Sir Hercules Robinson.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the Milan Exhibition was opened last week by the King and Queen.—In CYPRUS the census has shown a population of 185,700.—From ALGERIA comes a terrible story, that the survivors of the ill-fated expedition of Colonel Flatters, being shut up in a cave without food, resorted to cannibalism—fifteen of the number being eaten in succession.—In the UNITED STATES immigration is still on the increase, 6,521 immigrants being landed at New York alone on Monday; while the arrivals for the current month are expected to exceed 70,000.—In INDIA the Waziri expeditionary column, under General Kennedy, has had a brush with the Nana Khels near Torwan, the enemy being completely defeated. Most of the tribes have now submitted. No further disturbances are reported amongst the Bheels.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor at the end of last week. On Saturday Her Majesty received Mr. S. Locock, who kissed hands on his appointment as Minister at Belgrade, and Mr. Childers joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen and the Princess attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. H. Twells preached. On Tuesday Her Majesty visited the Royal vault beneath the Albert Memorial Chapel, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein lunched with the Queen, and Her Majesty was subsequently visited by the Marquis of Salisbury. The Queen and Princess Beatrice on Wednesday visited Aldershot, where Her Majesty inspected the troops on the common, the men afterwards marching past the Royal carriage. Next Friday the Queen and the Princess go to Scotland for a month, while on their return Her Majesty will review the Volunteer force in Windsor Park, probably about the 28th prox.—The first State Concert of the season takes place at Buckingham Palace next Wednesday, and will be followed by a State Ball on the 25th inst.—The Queen has accepted a copy of the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," by Mr. Francis Hitchman, by whom our recent memoir was written.

The Prince of Wales was present at the Austrian Royal Wedding. On his arrival at Vienna the Prince was received at the station by the Emperor, and since then, besides joining in all the marriage festivities, has paid and received numerous visits, and has dined with the British Ambassador. He was expected to go to Pesth yesterday (Friday) to be present at the races, returning to Vienna on Monday, on his way to England. Amongst other engagements for the next few weeks, the Prince with the Princess will attend a *Conversazione* at St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the 27th inst., while on June 2nd he presides at the annual dinner of the 10th Hussars as Colonel of the Regiment, on June 9th he will visit Great Yarmouth to inspect the Norfolk Artillery Militia, and during the month will open the new Infirmary for Marylebone at Notting Hill. The Prince has been elected a Trustee of the British Museum.—The Princess of Wales remains at Marlborough House with her daughters, and on Tuesday attended the christening of Lord and Lady Carington's baby girl at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, the Princess standing sponsor to the child, who was named Alexandra.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their children have

gone to Eastwell Park. The Duke leaves England next month in command of the Reserve Squadron for a six weeks' cruise, hoisting his flag on board the *Hercules*. During his absence the Duchess will go to Coburg.—Princess Christian was present at the first Richter Concert on Monday.—The Princess Louise, attended by Lady Sophia Macnamara and Captain Collins, visited the Graphic Gallery on Tuesday.—Prince Leopold on Tuesday laid the first stone of the Technical College, Finsbury.

The marriage of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Princess Victoria of Baden will be celebrated on September 20.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The singing of Madame Albani has sufficient weight with the public to keep on the stage at Mr. Gye's theatre an opera which, insinuating melodies notwithstanding, has long been quasi-obsolete. Thus occasionally during the season *I Puritani* is listened to with pleasure, the feebleness of the libretto and the lack of dramatic interest being overlooked. So it was on Saturday night. The gay and florid polacca, the expressive "Qui la voce," and other familiar passages, coming from the lips of the Canadian songstress, charmed as of yore, and obtained the customary unstinted applause. The other leading parts were sustained by Signors Marini (Arturo), Cotogni (Riccardo), and De Reszké (Giorgio). On Monday the *Huguenots* brought forward two singers hitherto unknown to us—Madame Fursch-Madier and M. Grasse. The lady is gifted with a fine, if not powerful, soprano voice, over which she appears to exercise very considerable control. It is purely a dramatic voice, and therefore just suited to such music as is allotted to Valentine. Madame Fursch-Madier is endowed with an extremely prepossessing appearance, is evidently a well-trained musician, and an intelligent actress into the bargain. Thus her success was assured in advance, and the applause she obtained was commensurate with her deserts. That she made a strong impression on the audience is unquestionable. In the duets with Marcel and Raoul, the testing-points of a genuine Valentine, Madame Madier was quite up to the mark, though she omitted one or two passages to which we have been accustomed. The voice of M. Grasse is a bass-barytone, somewhat weak in the lower notes, but otherwise capable, and of fair quality. His Marcel, if obviously deficient in weight, is a more than average impersonation, and, indeed, exhibits decidedly good points which, most conspicuous in the great scene with Valentine, won for him a legitimate share in the applause bestowed upon his fair companion. The cast of the opera was otherwise strong, the remaining parts of consequence being assigned to Mesdames Sembrich and Scalchi, Signors De Reszké, Cotogni, and Mierzwinsky. The Polish tenor created no particular impression in Raoul's first air, "Vergin divina," but in the septet of the duel between Catholics and Huguenots he sang with fine energy, and gave full play to his superb voice, fairly "bringing down the house." The grand duet with Valentine had also striking moments. Madame Sembrich's brilliant Marguerite de Valois and Madame Scalchi's Urbain are both well known, so are the St. Bris and Nevers, each excellent in its way, of Signors De Reszké and Cotogni. The general execution of Meyerbeer's difficult music was more than ordinarily effective. The orchestra left but little to desire, while a very marked improvement was observed in the chorus, especially in the powerful scene of the "Benediction of the Swords." Signor Bevnigani conducted.—For Monday night we are promised *Lohengrin*, with Madame Albani as Elsa, and the first appearance of Herr Labatt, another new tenor, as the Knight of the Swan.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson opened his theatre a week earlier than had been originally announced. Meanwhile it has been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, which, added to a tasteful and profuse display of flowers, gave a cheerful and inviting air to the auditorium. The opera selected was the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, Mdle. Anna de Belocca as Rosina. This was the part in which the young Russian artist first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, some years ago. She looks the sprightly heroine of Rossini to the life, sings the music, with her half contralto, half mezzo-soprano voice ("Una voca poco fa" in particular), very much in the style to which she has accustomed her admirers, and acts the character with the same coquettish liveliness. In the "Lesson" scene she introduced Gounod's serenade, "Quand tu chantes," and being called upon again, substituted Vincent Wallace's ballad, "Good-night." The Almaviva was Signor Ravelli, who was less happy in the serenade, "Ecco ridente," than in the duet, "All' idea," with Figaro—the vivacious Barber finding, as usual, a bustling representative in Signor Del Puente. The Bartolo was Signor Corsini, a new comer, the Basilio Signor Monti—neither without talent. Signor Arditi, who was warmly greeted, conducted the performance, which enjoyed the advantage of an excellent orchestra, and a by no means indifferent chorus. The opera next in order was *La Favorita*, in which Mdle. Tremelli, for the first time, took the part of Donizetti's unfortunate heroine, creating a highly favourable impression—an impression that was certainly her due. Though occasionally somewhat exaggerated in her acting, her singing was almost uniformly effective; and in the *cavatina*, "O mio Fernando," elicited well-merited applause. The music throughout is well suited to her fine contralto voice—a voice to be carefully husbanded as a treasure. Signor Ravelli's Fernando is far preferable to his Almaviva, the florid passages belonging to Rossini's comic-opera style requiring a certain *agilità* which he can hardly be said to possess. Signor Galassi, as Alphonso IX., was what he rarely fails to be in any part he undertakes. The expressive melody, "A tant' amor," however, would gain considerably if some parts were delivered *mezza voce*, instead of almost uniformly loud. In the ballet of the second act, which was prettily grouped, the chief *dansseuse* was Madame Cavalazzi, a favourite here, and deservedly so, being graceful in her *poses* and thoroughly easy in her movements. The opera went smoothly throughout. On Thursday a new soprano, Mdle. Adalgisa Gabbi, of whom there has been much question, was to make her *début* as the heroine of Verdi's *Aida*.

CONCERTS.—A few words about these entertainments, which abound just now, are all that space will admit. The first of Mr. Mann's Supplementary Saturday Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, began with Mr. F. H. Cowen's series of orchestral movements entitled *The Language of Flowers*, which pleased here as they please wherever heard, the "Yellow Jasmine," as usual, being encored. Mendelssohn's A minor symphony (the "Scotch"), splendidly played, and the "Academic Overture" by Brahms, were also in the programme. Madame Sophie Menter won another triumph with another pianoforte concerto by her master, Liszt—the one in A. The technique of this lady is simply prodigious; but she has other qualities which might be revealed more to advantage in music of another kind. The always welcome Madame Valleria was the singer.—The first of the Richter Concerts, in St. James's Hall, was very fully attended, and the renowned Viennese conductor received with genuine warmth. He had his accustomed grand orchestra of between ninety and a hundred, joined to a strong chorus, the *ensemble* numbering some 300 players and singers, with Herr Franke as first violin, and Herr Frantzen as choral director. The programme consisted exclusively of four pieces, three in the first part,

purely orchestral, one in the second, with which the chorus had to do. The pompous "Huldigungs-Marsch" of Wagner, a concerto for strings (in E minor) attributed to Bach, and the overture to *Chéron*, were played in succession, and, after a short interval, followed the "Choral Symphony." Of course the Wagner March, followed by Richter to conduct it, went as well as could be imagined; but with Richter's fiery and romantic overture took every one by surprise, and was, in accordance with general opinion, the finest display of all. The concerto, only the first violin part of which is by Bach, the five added parts being supplied by Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, was, on that account, less interesting—no discredit to the Viennese artist, who has performed his task with real ability. About the "No. 9," what more need be added than that it crowned the whole! Herr Richter, as is well attested, knows the symphony by heart.—Mr. Charles Hallé's first Pianoforte Recital in the same hall was unusually attractive, for not only did he play the first four sonatas of Beethoven, but six preludes and as many fugues by Bach, with the perfect musical skill and appreciation for which he is widely noted. And thus he intends going on till at the eighth Recital he will have exhausted the series of sonatas, and the *Wohltemperirte Clavier* into the bargain!—Miss Agnes Zimmermann's evening concert was only disappointing because she did not, according to habit, introduce a new composition of importance from her own diligent and clever pen. In other respects the programme offered by the popular pianist—comprising quartets by Mozart and Brahms, Chopin's solo sonata with the "Funeral March," and a flute solo, built upon Mendelssohn's "Hirtenlied," with pianoforte accompaniment and three charming variations written by herself—was in all respects admirable. The flute solo was performed by Mr. Svendsen, accompanied by Mdlle. Zimmermann, whose associates in the quartets were Messrs. Gompert, Zerbini, and Daubert. Miss Louisa Pyk was the singer.

WAIRES.—Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg (to call her by her maiden name), owing to her marriage with the Marquis de la Petrella Doria, has abandoned the professional career, and retires into private life.—After a successful tour through the United States, Madame Marie Rôze (Mrs. Henry Mapleson) has returned to London, and is engaged to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre during the present season.—The indisposition of Mdlle. de Reszké continuing, she has, we are informed, been ordered by her medical adviser to the Continent.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

II.

AMONG Mr. Alma-Tadema's numerous realisations of antique life we have seen none more poetical in feeling or more perfect in technical accomplishment than his picture "Sappho" (269). In a small amphitheatre of white marble overlooking the sea, the Greek poetess, with her attendant maidens around her, is listening with rapt attention to a young poet who, seated opposite to her, with a lyre in his hands, is singing or declaiming. The composition is admirable, and the figures, besides being expressive in their movements, are singularly graceful. Of the finished beauty of the workmanship, or of the skilful rendering of the different surfaces and textures, it would be difficult to speak too highly. The colour of the sea and sky might, perhaps, be modified with advantage, but these occupy only a small space, and the rest of the picture is full of suffused light, and most harmonious in tone. The varied reflections of light and colour on the flesh, the draperies, and the marble are as true as they are beautiful.

"Christian Charity" (228) is the comprehensive title of a series of small decorative compositions, with gold backgrounds, illustrating "The Acts of Mercy," by E. Armitage. The figure of Christ, which occupies the central compartment, is simple and dignified, and in each of the other designs the grouping is most artistic, and the incident set forth in a direct and simple way that leaves no possibility of doubt as to its purport. This artist's scientific knowledge of the human form, and power of working on a large scale, is seen in a picture, "Samson and the Lion" (554). The figure of Samson—of more than life-size—is finely designed and full of expressive energy. The head of the lion, too, is an excellent piece of work, but its body is rather stiff; a writhing movement of the back and loins would have added to the truth as well as the impressiveness of the picture.

Mr. Heywood Hardy has derived from a Mohammedan legend the subject of a very large picture, "Sidi Ahmed ben Avuda and the Holy Lion" (213). No incident of especial interest is here depicted; the devout "marabout" is standing in a simple attitude beside a well, with his hand resting on the head of his faithful lion. The animal is painted in masterly style, and the picture is treated throughout with the breadth and simplicity appropriate to its large size. Mr. F. Dicksee, one of the last-elected Associates, sends a picture of considerable size, called "The Symbol" (175), the title referring to a crucifix which an aged dealer in relics presents to a party of pleasure-seeking Florentines in the rich costume of the fourteenth century. The figures are correctly designed, and some of them are graceful in their movements. The picture is painted in a sound and solid style, and the colour, though not very fine in quality, is well arranged with a view to the general effect.

Among the works of historical interest, the largest and one of the most striking is "The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson" (260), by Mr. John Collier, the only picture purchased by the Academy under the terms of the Chantry bequest. The famous navigator who, with his youthful son and some infirm sailors, has been cast adrift by his mutinous crew, is carefully steering his boat between the icebergs that encumber the Arctic Sea. Mr. Collier, who has hitherto been known only as a portrait painter, here shows a considerable amount of dramatic power. The painful story is well told; full effect is given to the pathos of the scene, but its physical horror is kept in proper subordination. The sailor lying under a bearskin, almost insensible with cold, and the boy leaning against his father's legs, show obvious signs of exhaustion; while in the face and figure of Hudson energy and resolution, together with failing physical power, are forcibly expressed.

Mr. A. C. Gow has infused a vast amount of movement and vivacity into his picture, "Montrose at Kilsyth" (311). Nothing could well be more energetic and expressive than the attitude and gesture of Montrose, who has ridden into the camp without his doublet, or more animated than the heads of his troopers who are answering his appeal with loud shouts. The colour is harmonious and the execution broad and vigorous, but the subject might advantageously have been treated on a smaller scale; the figures being all on horseback, the interest is confined to the upper half of the composition. Near this is a picture by Mr. A. H. Tourrier, "Galileo Before the Inquisition" (322), showing a very great advance on his previous works. On a raised dais the members of the Holy Office, in ecclesiastical costume, are ranged in a row, the Grand Inquisitor occupying a seat elevated above the rest. In the foreground the great philosopher kneels beside a rudely carved crucifix, and reads his recantation of the heretical doctrine that the earth moves round the sun. The back of Galileo is towards the spectator, and the chief interest of the picture is accordingly to be found in his judges; in their various heads, ignorance, cruelty, indifference, and fanaticism are expressed with subtle skill. The picture is painted throughout with realistic force, and the colour, though not of the finest quality, is effectively arranged. The red costumes of the Inquisitors strongly relieved against the black cloth hanging on the wall tend to purple instead of yellow, the result being necessarily somewhat harsh and discordant.

In a large picture, "Charles I. Before Gloucester" (354), Mr. Seymour Lucas has realised a striking incident with rare ability. The King, seated in a spacious hall, is giving an audience to two delegates—Major Pudsey and one Toby Jordan—from the town he has summoned to surrender. The rude attire of these men, their uncouth gestures, and the extreme earnestness with which they plead their cause, contrast strongly with the cultured ease and grace of manner, the contemptuous indifference, and the frivolity of some of the nobles and courtiers surrounding the king. The picture is full of matter, and every figure introduced, and every object, has a distinct value in the dramatic rendering of the scene as well as in the composition. The colour is full and rich, and it is painted throughout with well-restrained ease and mastery. The same fine technical qualities, together with a great deal of humorous expression, are to be seen in a small picture by this artist, showing an old soldier of the seventeenth century annoyed and embarrassed at the unexpectedly large amount of his tavern bill, called "Reckoning Without His Host" (127). The very artistic manner of its treatment redeems the rather hackneyed nature of the subject. Mr. J. D. Linton's large composition, "The Benediction" (422) seems to be the first in order of the series of pictures illustrating the career of a Venetian soldier, one of which appeared last year at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is less interesting than that work only because the subject is less dramatic, and affords infinitely less scope for the display of varied character and expression. A warrior in complete armour kneeling a little in advance of his attendants, is receiving the benediction of a Cardinal who, together with other priests arrayed in gorgeous vestments, stands before an altar in St. Mark's. The figures are admirably grouped, and all the architectural features of the scene as well as the sumptuous costumes and the armour are painted with marvellous imitative skill. As regards colour, keeping, and handling, it is infinitely the best oil picture that Mr. Linton has produced. Mr. C. J. Staniland in water-colours is an accomplished artist, but he has not yet succeeded in mastering the difficulties of oil-painting; but though his "The Relief of Leyden, 1574" (90) is rather flimsy in execution, and tends to monotony in colour, the design is animated, and many of the emaciated citizens and half-famished women and children who are eagerly welcoming their preservers are natural and expressive in their gestures. A remarkable incident of Florentine history is depicted with a great deal of ability by Mr. F. W. Topham in his large picture, "Renouncing the Vanities by Order of Savonarola" (1423). In the foreground men are casting costly works of art and books into an enormous bonfire erected in the Piazza Signoria; a procession of priests approaches, with acolytes collecting from women their personal adornments, and far away in the distance Savonarola is seen energetically denouncing the vanities of his time. Many of the separate figures and groups display a great deal of artistic invention together with adequate technical skill, but the composition is overcrowded and somewhat confused, and the value of the work as a whole is consequently scarcely commensurate with the amount of labour bestowed on it.

Of the few scenes of modern warfare in the exhibition Mr. R. C. Woodville's "Candahar" (887), representing the storming of an Afghan stronghold by the 92nd Highlanders and the 2nd Ghorkas, is beyond all comparison the best. The figures of the soldiers, besides being vigorous in their movements and distinctly characteristic, are admirably drawn and painted. The scene has a striking appearance of reality, and in its main features is probably a faithful record of actual fact, and it has in addition many fine artistic qualities to recommend it. The colour is harmonious, and the effect of bright sunlight forcibly rendered. Mrs. Butler's "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" (899) cannot be regarded as one of her successful productions. There are single figures in it that show ability of a high order, but it wants firmness of design, strength and solidity of modelling. The composition is incoherent, and the colour commonplace and crude. It is satisfactory to know that the picture was long since finished, and that the artist has since then produced infinitely better work.



THE ROYAL COMMISSION appointed to inquire into the constitution and working of Ecclesiastical Courts will consist of twenty-five members: eleven ecclesiastics, including the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Oxford, Truro, and Winchester; six lawyers, Lords Coleridge and Penzance, Sir R. Phillimore, Dr. Deane, Mr. Charles, and Mr. F. H. Jeune; and eight laymen, amongst whom are the Marquis of Bath, the Earls of Devon and Chichester, Lord Blachford, and Sir R. Cross.

DISESTABLISHMENT.—Archdeacon Denison, in his charge just delivered at Taunton, said that many years ago, in consequence of assaults made upon the Church, he joined with several of his brethren in an endeavour to promote Disestablishment. He now humbly apologised for having done so, believing that the matter should be left in the hands of God.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has issued a long letter calling the attention of the clergy and laity to the programme of the Liberation Society, whose earnest activity can no longer be safely ignored; and appealing to all Englishmen who love the Church of England, and desire that it may continue to be a barrier against ignorance, infidelity, superstition, and vicious living, to assist the Church Defence Institution in its efforts to meet these attacks, and to save the minds of the people from being led astray to the great injury of themselves and future generations.

THE MAY MEETINGS are still going on. Amongst those held this week are the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Conference of Clergy and Sunday School Teachers at Lambeth Palace, the London City Mission, the Church Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, the Church of England Temperance Society, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the Ragged School Union, the Protestant Reformation Society, the Irish Church Missions, the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic, the Church Association, the Liberation Society, and the Band of Hope Union.

ST. JAMES'S, HATCHAM.—On Monday the police, acting on a hint given to them, visited the church of St. James's, Hatcham, and after a long search found buried beneath one of the pews the two candlesticks, the cross, altar cloth, and other articles, which have been missing since the time of the disturbances in July, 1877. The plate was much discoloured, and the altar cloth decayed.

THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.—At the evening meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the ballot for the election of a President for the year 1882 was taken amid much suppressed excitement. At its close Dr. Allon, the President for the coming year, announced simply that the Rev. J. A. Macfadyen had been elected. This was received with loud applause, and calls for the numbers polled by each candidate, which were ultimately stated to be—Rev. J. A. Macfadyen, 726; Dr. Parker, 429.

CHURCH RATES IN SCOTLAND.—It is stated that the Government are preparing a Bill for the abolition of Church rates and Manse rates in Scotland.

"THE SIN OF CHAPEL-GOING."—The Sunday School in connection with St. Mary's Church, Chester, has been closed in

consequence of the resignation of the teachers, who at a recent meeting declined to subscribe to a proposition put forth by the vicar and the curate, to the effect that it was a sin against God to enter a chapel.



CRIMINAL APPEAL.—Mr. Justice Mathew, in charging the Grand Jury at the Liverpool Assizes, remarked that our criminal law was still extremely severe, and said that he could not help thinking that it would have been wise to relax it to the extent of permitting what was allowed in every other civilised country, an appeal against a sentence which was thought to be too severe.

THE "FREIHEIT" PROSECUTION has been postponed until next session, on the ground that the indictment being of a novel and complicated character, extra time is needed to prepare the defence.

THE "BROAD ARROW" LIBEL.—Messrs. A. and T. Ridgway have been respectively fined 50*l.* and 10*l.* for publishing a letter referring to the Directors of the Army and Navy Stores, and imputing to them a manipulation of the accounts and mismanagement of the trade.

A CARELESS BARBER at Liverpool, passing quickly by one of his assistants, touched his arm, and caused him to inflict a cut on the throat of a customer whom he was shaving. The wounded gentleman brought an action in the County Court, claiming 10*l.* damages, but the jury only awarded him 1*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, and added a protest against being troubled with such a "trumpety case."

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON MOORE, of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, has had to pay one farthing damages to one of his neighbours at St. John's Wood, whose repose he disturbed on Independence Day last year by letting off fireworks in his back garden.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.—At the trial of Charles Leeson Powell for being at large before the expiration of his sentence of transportation, the police failed to prove his identity with the escaped convict, and he was consequently acquitted.

"TIP-CAT" is one of those dangerous amusements which should be peremptorily stopped by the police. The other day, in South London, a little girl while on her way to school was struck in the eye by one of these abominable toys, and on examination at the hospital it was found that the sight was quite destroyed.

INSPECTOR TADMAN, of the N Division of Police, who disappeared some weeks ago, and was thought to have been murdered, has been arrested at the village of Lostock, near Bolton, on a charge of stealing the 150*l.* entrusted to him to pay his men. 134*l.* was found in his possession.

A MOST BRUTAL OUTRAGE has just been perpetrated near Carmarthen, where a party of ruffians have been committed for trial for having set fire to a wooden hut occupied by an infirm woman of eighty, her widowed daughter, and a little child, whom they beat with sticks when they tried to extinguish the flames.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER appears to have been run by a man, who, at the Central Criminal Court, has just been sentenced to five years' penal servitude. He had at various times called himself "Captain Wiltshire," "Captain Grantley," "The Hon. Charles Festie," and other names; had married six different ladies, been twice divorced, twice convicted and sentenced for bigamy, though in one instance the conviction was subsequently quashed on a technical point; twice arrested for forgery, escaping on one occasion on a technical plea, and on the other through the kindness of a relative who bought up the bill; and, finally, prosecuted on several charges of felony to which he pleaded guilty, receiving the above sentence.



I.

DEBARRED by the laws of Parliamentary reserve from timely utterance in "another place," the Duke of Argyll comes forward in the *Nineteenth Century* with weighty criticism of "The New Irish Land Bill" as permanently destructive of those rights of ownership without which all agricultural improvement is "fatally discouraged." The "head and front" of the new measure should have been, he holds, "the provisions for the easy and extensive acquisition of ownership in land." In this direction, indeed, he would have gone apparently further than the Government, holding all objection to State dealings in land light as compared with the great gain of establishing in Ireland "a more numerous and a more indigenous body of landowners." But to fetter ownership once acquired by "indelible right of sale" attached to every tenancy, and allow appeals from contracts deliberately entered into, in other than exceptional and temporary cases, seems to him ruinous both to occupier and owner, depriving the latter of all motive to lay out capital on his land, and the former of the chief stimulus to do his best. The Duke, in fact, would hold Mr. Gladstone down by the declarations of 1870 against any permanent interference with the right of contract. More than this, in his eyes, simply means, "Satisfy clamour and never mind the future."—Lord Dunsany, in "The Silver Streak," carries Captain Kirchhammer's recent teachings further still. The Austrian tactician was content to argue that our Navy, though strong, was not strong enough for all the points it would have to guard in a great war, and that invasion, if difficult, was not impossible. The British Admiral attempts to show that France by herself possesses a marine which could be made at once superior on any given point to our own, and that the "Silver Streak," dispassionately considered, makes the problem of invasion actually more easy; since troops on ship-board can cover in a few hours a distance which they would take days to march, while the quarter from which the blow is coming will be infinitely more difficult to discover. It is true Lord Dunsany does admit that a hostile Armada could be seriously incommoded if attacked by sea "at the moment of disembarkation."—Most interesting among the remaining articles are the purely literary, and foremost among these a genuine Carlylean relic—"Carlyle's Lectures on the Periods of European Culture, from Homer to Goethe"—an abstract furnished by Prof. Dowden of a *verbatim* short-hand report of the second of those four courses, which Carlyle describes in his *Reminiscences* as "detestable mixtures of prophecy and playactorism."

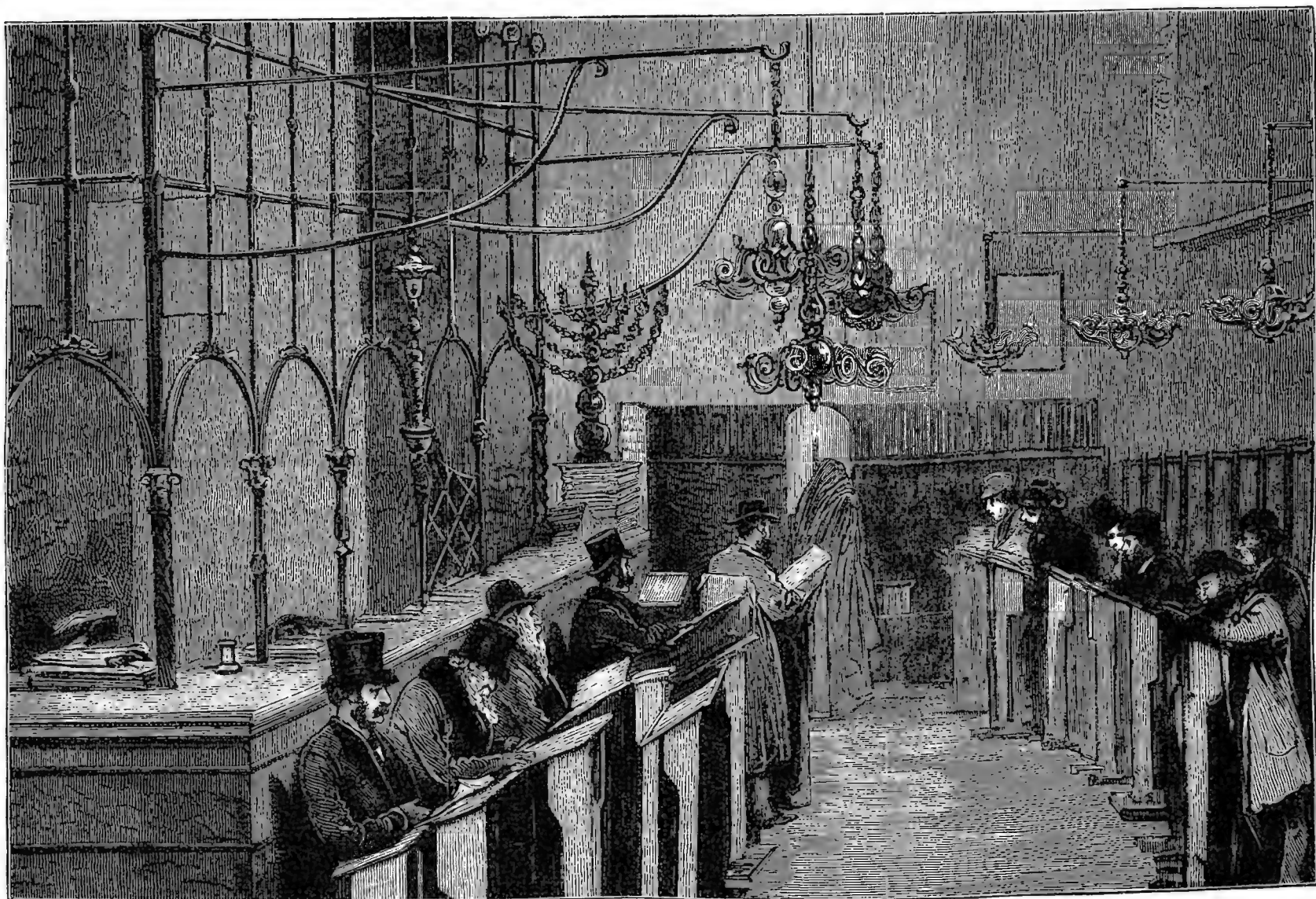
"The Sunbeam in a Storm," or a leaf from Mrs. Brassey's log in the Bay of Biscay during last January's gales, is, perhaps, the brightest paper in a fair number of *Fraser*.—"Young Oxford," though a little dry and statistical, will interest strangers to our Universities for its very full account of undergraduate studies, amusements, and *coteries*. The descriptions, indeed, of the many clubs which have come into being in the last twenty years will be new, we fancy, to many former residents.

The *Cornhill* for May is even more than usually readable, although "Babies and Science" is to our taste an unwelcome substitute for the excursion into byways of literature which usually occupies

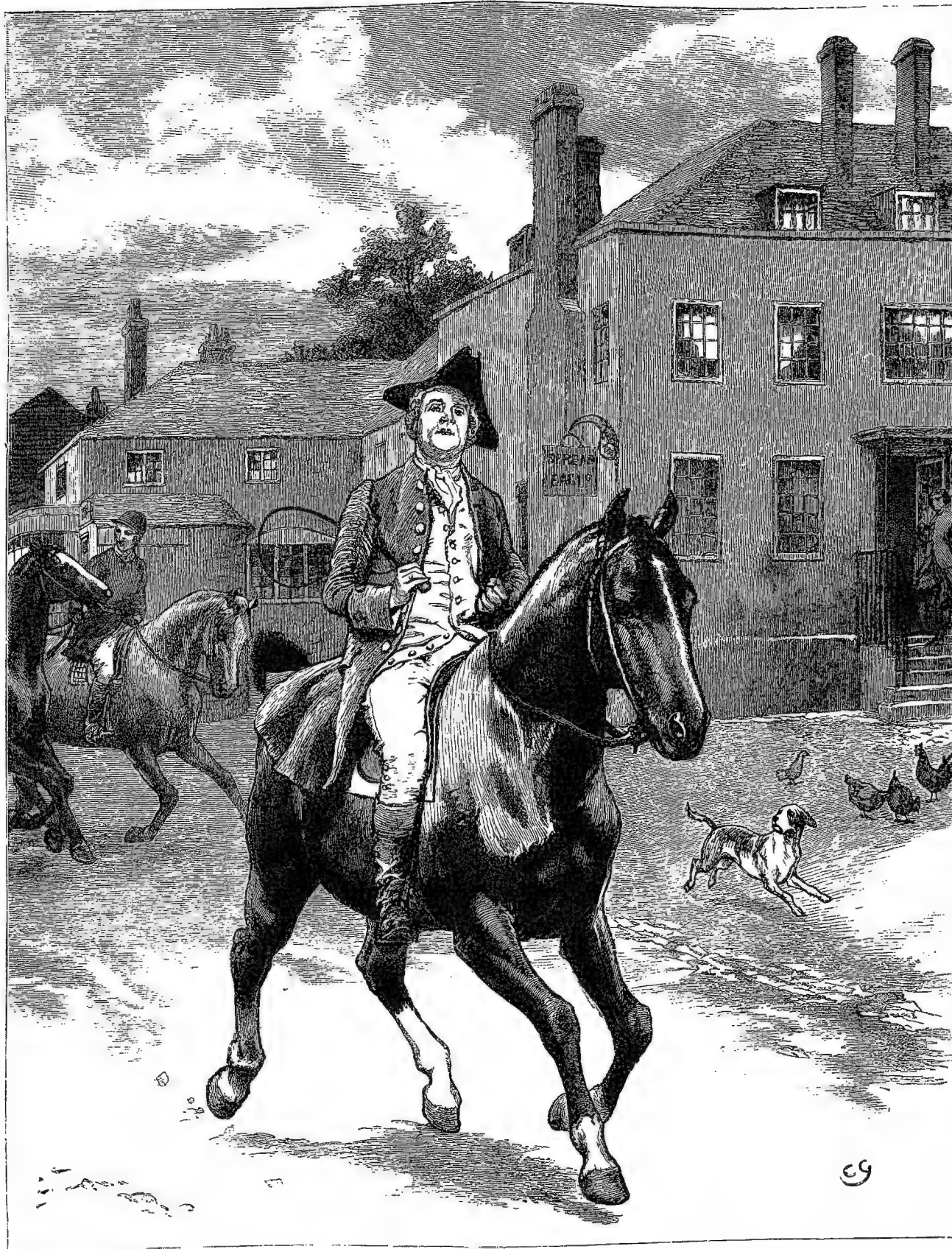
(Continued on page 486)



THE VOLCANO FUSIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN



THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL MARRIAGE—INTERIOR OF THE GREAT SYNAGOGUE, PRAGUE



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

Will came the next morning, riding into town followed by two servants, one of whom led the famous horse which was to run the race.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW WILL LEVETT WAS DISAPPOINTED

THUS was Harry Temple at last pacified and brought to reason. In the course of a short time he was so far recovered from his passion as to declare his love for another woman, whom he married. This shows how fickle and fleeting are the affections of most men compared with those of women; for I am truly of opinion that no woman can love more than one man in her life, while a man appears capable of loving as many as he pleases all at once or in turn, as the fancy seizes him. Could Solomon have loved in very truth the whole seven hundred?

When I was no longer harassed by Harry's gloomy face and jealous reproaches, I thought that the time was come when I ought to consider how I should impart to my lord a knowledge of the truth, and I said to myself, day after day: "To-morrow morning I will do it;" and in the morning I said: "Nay, but in the evening." And sometimes I thought to write it, and sometimes to tell it him by word of mouth. Yet the days passed and I did not tell him, being a coward, and rejoicing in the sunshine of his love and kindness, which I could not bear to lose or put in any danger.

And now you shall hear how this delay was the cause of a most dreadful accident, which had well-nigh ruined and lost us altogether.

I could not but remember, when Harry Temple reproached me with falsehood and faithlessness, that Will Levett had made use of nearly the same words, making allowance for Will's rusticity. The

suspicion did certainly cross my mind, more than once, that Will may have meant (though I understood him not) the same thing as Harry. And I remembered how he pulled a sixpence out of his pocket and gave me the half, which I threw upon the table unheeding, though every girl knows that a broken sixpence is a pledge of betrothal. But I was in such great trouble and anxiety that I thought nothing of it, and remembered nothing for long afterwards. Yet if Harry came to claim a supposed promise at my hands, why should not Will? which would be a thing much worse to meet, because Harry was now amenable to reason, and by means of the strait-waistcoat and bucket of cold water, with a little talk, I had persuaded him to adopt a wiser course. But no reason ever availed anything with Will, save the reason of desire or the opposition of superior force. As a boy, he took everything he wanted, unless he could be prevented by a hearty flogging; and he bullied every other boy save those who could by superior strength compel him to behave properly. I have already shown how he treated us when we were children, and when we had grown up to be great girls. So that, with this suspicion, and remembering Will's dreadful temper and his masterfulness, I felt uneasy, indeed, when Nancy told me that her brother was coming to Epsom.

"We shall be horribly ashamed of him," she said, laughing, though vexed. "Indeed I doubt if we shall be able to show our faces on the Terrace, after Will has been here a day or two. Because, my dear, he will thrash the men-servants, kiss the girls, insult the company, some of whom will certainly run him through the body, while some he will beat with his cudgel, get drunk in the

taverns, and run an Indian muck through the dance at the Assembly Rooms. I have told my father that the best thing for him to do is to pretend that Will is no relation of ours at all, only a rustic from our parish bearing the same name; or perhaps we might go on a visit to London for a fortnight so as to get out of his way; and that, I think, would be the best. Kitty! think of Will marching up and down the Terrace, a dozen dogs after him, his wig uncombed, his hunting-coat stained with mud, hallooing and bawling as he goes, carrying an enormous club like Hercules—he certainly is very much like Hercules—his mouth full of countrified oaths. However, he does not like fine folks, and will not often show among us. And while we are dancing in the rooms, he will be sitting at the door of a tavern mostly, smoking a pipe of tobacco and taking a mug of October with any one who will sit beside him and hear his tales of badgers, ferrets, and dogs. Well, fortunately, no one can deny the good blood of the Levetts, which will, we hope, come out again in Will's children; and my father is a baronet of James the First's creation, otherwise it would go hard with our gentility."

"When do you expect him to come?"

"He sends word that he may come to-night or to-morrow, bringing with him a horse which he proposes to match upon the Downs with any horse at Epsom for thirty guineas a side. One match has been already fixed, and will be run the next day, provided both horses are fresh. I hope Will will not cheat, as he was accused of doing at Maidstone. I suppose we shall all have to go to the Downs to see. Why do men like horse-racing, I wonder? Crack goes the whip, the horses rush past, the people shout, the race is

over. Give me enjoyment which lasts a little longer, such as a good country dance, or a few words with Peggy Baker on the Terrace."

"Does Will know that I am here?" I asked.

"I suppose not," she replied. "Why, my dear, how is Will to know anything? My father laid out large sums upon his education. Yet the end of all is that he never reads anything, not even books on Farriery. As for letters, he is well known not to read those which my mother sometimes sends him; and as for sending any himself, I believe he has forgotten the art of writing. He does everything by word of mouth, like the savages. Perhaps he remembers how to read, because he cannot forget his suffering over the criss-cross-row and horn-book. Will, Kitty, is an early Briton; he should be dressed in wool and painted with woad; he lives by preference in a stable or a kennel; he ought to have the body and tail and legs of a horse, then he could stay in the stable altogether, and be happy."

Perhaps, I thought, he would not know me again. But in this I was deceived, as shall be presently shown.

Well, then, knowing that Nancy would help me in this possible trouble, I told her exactly what had happened between Will and myself, just as I had told her about Harry, and asked her advice.

It might be that Will had clean forgotten his words, or it might be that he had changed his mind; he might have fallen in love with some girl of the village, or he might find me changed, and no longer care for pressing his suit.

Nancy looked grave.

"My brother Will," she said, "is as obstinate as he is pigheaded. I am afraid he will expect you to fulfil the engagement which he may think he has made. Never mind, my dear; do not think of it to distress yourself. If he is obstinate, so are you. He cannot marry you against your will."

He came the next morning, riding into town followed by two servants, one of whom led the famous horse which was to run the race.

"There," whispered Nancy, "is my brother Will."

We were standing in the church porch after morning prayers, when he came clattering down the street. He was really a handsome man for those who like a man to be like Hercules for strength, to have full rosy cheeks which later in life become fat and purple, a resolute eye, and a strong, straight chin which means obstinacy.

"Oh, how strong he is!" said Nancy, looking after him. "He could crush together half-a-dozen of our beaux and fribbles between his fingers, and break all their ribs with a single flourish of his cudgel. Well, Will!" she added, as her brother rode out of sight, "we shall meet at dinner, I dare say. Do you remember, Kitty, how he would tease and torment us, and make us cry? There ought to be no brothers and sisters at all—the girls should grow up in one house, and the boys in another—they should never meet till they are old enough to be lovers, and never be together when they are too old to be lovers. Fancy the stupidity of philosophers in putting men and women under the same name and calling us all humanity, or mankind, as their impudent way is of putting it. What have they in common? Man drinks, and gambles, and fights—woman sits at home and loves peace and moderation: man wastes—woman saves: man loves to admire—we love to be admired. What single quality have we in common except a desire to be amiable and seem pleasing to the other sex?"

"Very likely," I replied, thinking of something else. "No doubt he has long since forgotten the sixpence. No doubt he thinks no more of me or the sixpence either."

I saw nothing of him that day, because he had so much to do with his stable, and so much to attend to in the matter of his race, that he did not appear upon the Terrace or at the Assembly room. Harry Temple shrugged his shoulders when I asked him if he had seen Will.

"I saw him," he said, "engaged in his usual occupations. He had just cudgelled a stable-boy, was swearing at a groom, rubbing down his racehorse with his own hands, and superintending the preparation of a warm mash for his hack. He seems perfectly happy."

It was agreed, in spite of my fears, that we should make a party to see this race the next morning. Nowadays it is no longer the mode to seek health at Epsom Wells and on Banstead Downs. The votaries of fashion go to Bath and Tunbridge; the old Wells are deserted, I hear that the Assembly Rooms have fallen into decay, and there are no longer the Monday public breakfast, the card-table, the music, the dancing, which made the place a little heaven for the young in those times when I myself was young. But in one respect Epsom has grown more frequented and more renowned every year:

On Epsom Downs, when racing does begin,
Large companies from every part come in.

The spring races were in April, and the summer races in June; but there was a constant racing all the year round with the horses of country gentlemen. They would bring them to make matches with all comers, at such stakes as they could afford to venture on the horses; and in the morning the company would crowd upon the Downs in goodly numbers to bet upon the race, and shout the winner. Sometimes ladies would go too; not out of any love for the sport, or interest in horses, but to please their lovers—a desire which is the cause of many a pretty maid's sudden liking for some manly sport. I have known them even show an interest in such rough sports as badger-drawing and otter-hunting: they have been seen to ride after hounds in the midst of the halloos and horns of the hunters: they have even gone with the gentlemen on shooting-parties. Thus there were plenty of girls at Epsom ready to please their gallants by standing about on the Downs (where the wind plays havoc with powder and paint, and destroys irretrievably the fabric of a head), while the panting horses were spurred over the long course by the jockeys, and the backers cried and shouted.

Lord Chudleigh took little joy in this kind of sport, which, perhaps, is a reason why I also disliked the sight. Nancy, also, as well as myself, cared but little to see this famous Epsom sport; nor, indeed, did any of the ladies who formed part of our more intimate company. But on this occasion, as Will was to run a three-year-old of his own training, and as he was going to ride the horse himself, and had staked thirty guineas (besides bets) upon the event, it was judged a duty owed to him by the family that all should go. Mrs. Esther went out of respect to Lady Levett; Mr. Stallabras, because he remembered how Pindar had sung of the Olympian Games, and was suddenly fired with the desire of writing a Pindaric Ode upon the Epsom contests. Now, it behoves a poet who sings of a horse-race first to witness one. Therefore he came to see how it would lend itself to modern metaphor. Sir Miles came because he could get the chance of a few bets upon the race, and because, when there were no cards to the fore, he liked, he said, to hear me talk. Harry Temple came, grumbling and protesting that for men of learning and fashion nothing was more barbarous and tedious than this sport. Could we have had chariot-racing, with athletic games after the manner of the ancients, he would have been pleased. As it was, he hoped that Will would win, but feared that a clown and his money were soon parted; with other remarks equally good-natured.

The race was to be run at half-past eleven. We had chairs for such as preferred being carried, but the younger ladies walked. We made a gallant procession as we came upon the course, all the ladies wearing Will's colours, which were red and blue. They had railed off a piece of ground where the better sort could stand without being molested by the crowd which always congregates when a great race is to be run. Indeed, on this occasion it seemed as if all the idle fellows for twenty miles round had gathered together on the Downs with one consent, and with them half the rustics of the villages, the

tradesmen and workmen of Epsom, Leatherhead, and Dorking, and the greater part of the company at the Wells. There were gipsies to tell our fortunes or steal our poultry—but I, for one, had had enough already of fortune-telling from the tent of the pretended Wizard of the masquerade: there were Italians leading a bear: there were a couple of rough men with a bull, which was presently to be baited; a canvas enclosure was run up on poles, within which the Cornish giant would wrestle all comers at sixpence a throw: another, where a prize-fight would be held, admittance one shilling, with twopenny each for the defeated man: a puppet play was shown for a penny: for twopenny you might see a rare piece of art, the subject of which I know not; and in wax, the histories of Fair Rosamond and Susanna. Other amusements there were. I, at first, took all in honour of Will and his race, but presently learned that a fair had been held at Leatherhead the day before, and that these people, hearing of what was forward, came over to get what could be picked up. And, as one fool makes many, the knowledge of their coming, with the race for an excuse, brought out all the country people, mouth agape, as is their wont.

The horses presently came out of the paddock—a place where they weigh, dress, put on the saddles, and adjust the preliminaries. Will, in his cap pulled over his ears like a nightcap (because a jockey wears no wig), and in silk jacket, striped with blue and red, riding as if he was part of the animal he sat, looked in his true place. Ever after I have thought of the gallant show he made, while with left hand holding the whip, he bridled the beautiful creature, which but for his control would have been bounding and galloping over the plain. But they explained to us that racehorses know when racing is meant, and behave accordingly, save that they cannot always be restrained from starting before the time.

Will's rival and competitor, whose name I forget (but I had never seen him before), was a man of slighter figure, who rode equally well, but did not at the same time appear to such advantage on horseback. Lord Chudleigh explained to us that while Will rode naturally, sitting his horse as if he understood what the creature wished to do, and where he wanted to go; the other man sat him by rule of thumb, as if the horse was to understand his master and not the master his horse. I have ridden a great deal since then, and I know, now, the justice of my lord's remarks, though I own that this perfect understanding between horse and rider is not commonly found; and for my own part I remember but one horse, three parts Arabian, with which I ever arrived at a complete understanding. Even with him the understanding was one-sided, and ended in his always going whithersoever he pleased.

The adversary's colours were white and green; pretty colours, though bad for the complexion of women; so that I was glad Will's were suited to the roses of our cheeks.

They began by riding up and down for a quarter of an hour, Will looking mighty important, stroking his horse, patting his neck, talking to him, checking him when he broke into a canter or a gallop. The other man (he in white and green) had trouble to keep his horse from fairly bolting with him, which he did for a little distance more than once.

Then the starters took their places, and the judge his, in front of the winning post, and the horses started.

White and green led for a quarter of a mile; but Will was close behind: it was pretty to see the eagerness of the horses—how they pressed forward with straining necks.

"Will is holding back," cried Harry, with flashing eyes. "Wait till they are over the hill."

"I feel like Pindar," said Mr. Stallabras. "Would that Mr. Levett was Hiero of Syracuse!"

"O Will!" exclaimed Nancy, as if he could hear. "Spur up your horse! If you lose the race, I will never forgive you."

We all stood with parted lips and beating hearts. Yes; we understood the joy of horse-racing: the uncertainty of the struggle: the ambition of the noble creatures: the eagerness of the riders: their skill: their coolness: the shouts of the people—ah! the race is over.

Just before the finish, say two hundred yards on the other side of the winning-post, Will rose in his saddle, plied whip, and cried to his horse. It answered with a rush, as if struck by a sudden determination to be first: the other horse, a little tired, perhaps, bounded onward as well; but Will took the lead and kept it. In a moment the race was finished, and Will rode gallantly past us, ahead by a whole length, amid the cheers and applause of the people.

When the race was finished the visitors ran backwards and forwards, congratulating or condoling with each other. Many a long face was pulled as the bets were paid; many a jolly face broadened and became more jolly as the money went into pocket. And then I saw what is meant by the old saying about money made over the devil's back. For those who lost, lost outright, which cannot be denied; but those who won immediately took their friends to the booths where beer and wine and rum were sold, and straightway got rid of a portion of their winnings. No doubt the rest went in the course of the day in debauchery. So that the money won upon the race benefited no one except the people who sold drink. And they, to my mind, are the last persons whom one would wish to benefit, considering what a dreadful thing in this country is the curse of drink.

If Will looked a gallant rider on horseback, he cut but a sorry figure among the gentlemen when he came forth from the paddock, having taken off his jacket and put on again his wig, coat, and waistcoat. For he walked heavily, rolling in his gait (as a plough-boy, not a sailor), and his clothes were muddy and disordered, while his wig was awry. Lady Levett beckoned to him, and he came towards us sheepishly bold, as is the way with rustic gentlemen.

"So Will," shouted his father, heartily, "thou hast won the match. Well rode, my boy!"

"Well rode!" cried all. "Well rode!"

He received our congratulations with a grin of satisfaction, saluting the company with a grin, and his knuckles to his forehead like a jockey. On recovering, he examined us all leisurely.

"Ay," he said. "There you are, Harry, talking to the women about books and poetry and stuff. What good is that when a race is on? Might as well have stayed at Cambridge. Well, Nancy—oh! I warrant you, so fine as no one in the country would know you. Fine feathers make fine birds, and—here he saw me, and stared hard with his mouth open. "Gad so!—it's Kitty! Hoop! Hello!" Upon this he put both hands to his mouth and raised such a shout that we all stopped our ears, and the dogs barked and ran about furiously, as if in search of a fox. "Found again! Kitty, I am right glad to see thee. Did I ride well? Were you proud to see me coming in by a neck? Thanks I, I don't care who's looking on, but I'll show them Will Levett knows how to ride." If I'd known it was you I would have landed the stakes by three clear lengths, I would. Let me look at thee, Kitty. Now, gentlemen, by your leave." He shoved aside Lord Chudleigh, and Harry, and pushed between them. "Let me look at thee well—ay! more fine feathers—but—here he swore great oaths—"there never was anything beneath them but the finest of birds ever hatched."

"Thank you, Will, for the compliment," I began.

"Why if any one should compliment you, Kitty, who but I?"

I thought of the broken sixpence, and trembled.

"A most pretty speech indeed," said Peggy Baker. "Another of Miss Pleydell's swains, I suppose?"

"My brother," said Nancy, "has been Kitty's swain since he was old enough to walk; that is, about the time when Kitty was born. He was as old a swain as Mr. Temple here."

"I don't know naught about swains," said Will, "but I'm Kitty's sweetheart. And if any man says nay to that, why let him

step to the front, and we'll have that business settled on the grass, and no time wasted."

"Brother," cried Nancy, greatly incensed by a remark of such low breeding, "remember that you are here among gentlemen, who do not fight with cudgels and fists for the favours of ladies."

"Nay, dear Miss Levett," said Peggy, laughing; "I find Mr. William vastly amusing. No doubt he might have a contest, a tournament after the manner of the ancients, with Miss Pleydell as the Queen of Beauty, to give her favours to the conquering knight. I believe we can often witness a battle with swords and pistols, if we get up early enough, in Hyde Park; but a duel with fists and cudgels would be much more entertaining."

"Thank you, Miss," said Will. "I should like to see the man who would stand up against me."

"I think," Lord Chudleigh interposed, "that as no one is likely to gratify this gentleman's strange invitation, we may return to town. Miss Pleydell, we await your orders."

Will was about to say something rude, when his sister seized him by the arm and whispered in his ear.

"O Lord! a lord!" he cried. "I beg your lordship's pardon. There, that is just like you, Nancy, not to tell me at the beginning. Well, Kitty, I am going to look after the horse. Then I will come to see thee."

"Your admirer is a bucolic of an order not often found among the sons of such country gentlemen as Sir Robert Levett," said Lord Chudleigh, presently.

"He is addicted to horses and dogs, and he seems to consider that he may claim—or show—some sort of equal attachment to me," I answered.

Then I told him the story of the broken sixpence, and how I became engaged, without knowing it, to Harry Temple and Will Levett on the same day.

My lord laughed, and then became grave.

"I do not wonder," he said, "that all classes of men have fallen in love with the sweetest and most charming of her sex. That does not surprise me. Still, though we have disposed of Mr. Temple, who is, I am bound to say, a gentleman open to reason, there may be more trouble with this headstrong country lad, who is evidently in sober earnest, as I saw from his eyes. What shall we do, Kitty?"

"My lord," I whispered, "let me advise for your safety. Withdraw yourself for a while from Epsom. Give up Durdans and go to London. I could not bear to see you embroiled with this rude and boisterous clown. Oh, how could such a woman as Lady Levett have such a son? Leave me to deal with him as best I can."

But he laughed at this. To be sure, fear had no part in the composition of this noble, this incomparable man.

"Should I run away because a rustic says he loves my Kitty?" But then his forehead clouded again. "Yet, alas! for my folly and my crime, I may not call her my Kitty."

"Oh yes, my lord! Call me always thine. Indeed, I am all thine own, if only I could think myself worthy."

We were walking together, the others a little distance behind us, and he could do no more than touch my fingers with his own. Alas! the very touch of his fingers caused a delightful tremor to run through my veins—so helplessly, so deeply was I in love with him.

Thus we walked, not hand-in-hand, yet from time to time our hands met: and thus we talked, not as betrothed lovers, yet as lovers: thus my lord spoke to me, confiding to me his most secret affairs, his projects, and his ambitions, as no man can tell them save to a woman whom he loves. Truly, it was a sweet and delicious time, I fondly turn to it now, after so many years, not, heaven knows! with regret, any more than September, rich in golden harvest and laden orchards, regrets the sweet and tender April, when all the gardens were white and pink with the blossoms of plum and pear and apple, and the fields were green with the springing barley, oats, and wheat. Yet a dear, delightful time, only spoiled by that skeleton in the cupboard, that the consciousness that the only person who stood between my lord and his happiness was—the woman he loved. Heard man ever so strange, so pitiful a case?

At the foot of the hill Lord Chudleigh left us, and turned in the direction of Durdans, where he remained all that day, coming not to the Assembly in the evening. Mrs. Esther and I went home together to dinner, and I know not who was the better pleased with the sport and the gaiety of the morning, my kind madam or Cicely, the maid, who had been upon the Downs and had her fortune told by the gipsies, and it was a good one.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Esther, "it is strange indeed that so loutish and countrified a bumpkin should be the son of parents so well-bred as Sir Robert and Lady Levett."

"Yet," I said, "the loutish bumpkin would have me marry him. Dear lady, would you wish your Kitty to be the wife of a man who loves the stable first, the kennel next, and his wife after his horses and his dogs?"

After dinner, as I expected, Will Levett called in person. He had been drinking strong ale with his dinner, and his speech was thick.

"Your servant, madam," he said to Mrs. Esther. "I want speech, if I may have it, with Miss Kitty, alone by herself, for all she sits with her finger in her mouth yonder, as if she was not jumping with joy to see me again."

"Sir!" I cried.

"Oh! I know your ways and tricks. No use pretending with me. Yet I like them to be skittish. It is their nature to. For all your fine frocks, you're none of you any better than Molly the blacksmith's girl, or Sukey at the Mill. Never mind, my girl. Be as fresh and frolic as you please. I like you the better for it—before we are married."

"Kitty dear," cried Mrs. Esther, in alarm, "what does this gentleman mean?"

"I do not know, dear madam. Pray, Will, if you can, explain what you mean."

"Explain? explain? Why—here he swore again, but I will not write down his profane and wicked language. Suffice it to say that he called heaven and earth to witness his astonishment. "Why, you mean to look me in the face and tell me you don't know?"

"We are old friends, Will," I said, "and I should like, for Nancy's sake, and because Lady Levett has been almost a mother to me, out of her extreme kindness, that we should remain friends. But when a gentleman salutes me before a company of gentlemen and ladies as his sweetheart, when he talks of fighting other gentlemen—like a rustic on a village green—"

"Wouldst have me fight with swords, and likely as not get killed, then?" he asked.

"When he assumes these rights over me, I can ask, as I think, for an explanation."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Esther. "We are grieved, sir, to have even a moment's disagreement with the son of so honourable a gentleman and so gracious a lady as your respected father and worthy mother, but you will acknowledge that your behaviour on the Downs was startling to a young woman of such strict propriety as my dear Kitty."

He looked from one to the other as if in a dream.

Then he put his hand into his pocket and dragged out the half sixpence.

"What's that?" he asked me, furiously.

"A broken sixpence, Will," I replied.

"Where is the other half?"

"Perhaps where it was left, on the table in the parlour of the Vicarage."

"What!" he cried; "do you mean to say that you didn't break the sump with me?"

"Do you mean to say, Will, that I did? As for your breaking it, I do not deny that: I remember that you snapped it between your fingers without asking me anything about it; but to say that I broke it, or assented to your breaking it, or carried away the other half—Fie, Will, Fie!"

"This wench," he said, "is enough to drive a man mad. Yet, for all your fine clothes and your paint and powder, Mistress Kitty, I've promised to marry you. And marry you I will. Put that in your pipe, now."

"Marry me against my consent, Will? That can hardly be."

"Is it possible," cried Mrs. Esther, seriously displeased, "that we have in this rude and discourteous person a son of Sir Robert Levett?"

"I never was crossed by woman or man or puppy yet," cried Will doggedly, and taking no notice whatever of Mrs. Esther's rebuke; "and I never will be! Why, for a whole year and more I've been making preparations for it. I've broke in the colt out of Rosamund by Samson and called him Kit, for you to ride. I've told the people round, so as anybody knows there's no pride in me, that I'm going to marry a parson's girl, without a farden, thof a baronet to be—"

Will easily dropped into rustic language, where I do not always follow him.

"Oh, thank you, Will. That is kind indeed. But I would rather see you show the pride due to your rank and birth. You ought to refuse to marry a parson's girl. Or, if you are resolved to cast away your pride, there's many a farmer's girl—there's Jenny of the Mill, or the Blacksmith's Sue: more proper persons for you, I am sure, and more congenial to your tastes than the parson's girl."

"I don't mind your sneering—not a whit, I don't," he replied. "Wait till we're married, and I warrant you shall see who's got the upper hand! There'll be mighty little sneering then, I promise you."

This brutal and barbarous speech made me angry.

"Now, Will," I said, "get up and go away. We have had enough of your rustic insolence. Why, sir, it is a disgrace that a gentleman should be such a clown. Go away from Epsom: leave a company for which your rudeness and ill-temper do not fit you: go back to your mug-house, your pipe, your stables, and your kennels. If you think of marrying, wed with one of your own rank. Do you hear, sir? one of your own rank! Gentle born though you are, clown and churl is your nature. As for me, I was never promised to you; and if I had been, the spectacle of this amazing insolence would break a thousand promises."

He answered by an oath. But his eyes were full of dogged determination which I knew of old; and I was terrified, wondering what he would do.

"I remember, when you were a boy, your self-will and heedlessness of your sister and myself. But we are grown up now, sir, as well as yourself, and you shall find that we are no longer your servants. What! am I to marry this clown—"

"You shall pay for this!" said Will. "Wait a bit; you shall pay!"

"Am I to obey the command of this rude barbarian, and become his wife; not to cross him, but to obey him in all his moods, because he wills it? Are you, pray, the great Bashaw—?"

"Mr. Levett," said Mrs. Esther, "I think you had better go. The Kitty you knew was a young and tender child; she is now a grown woman, with, I am happy to say, a resolution of her own. Nor is she the penniless girl that you suppose, but my heiress; though not a Pimpernel by blood, yet a member of as good and honourable a house as yourself."

He swore again in his clumsy country fashion that he never yet was balked by woman, and would yet have his way; whereas, so far as he was a prophet (I am translating his rustic language into polite English) those who attempted to say him nay would in the long run find reason to repent with bitterness their own mistaken action. All his friends, he said, knew Will Levett. No white-handed, slobbering, tea-drinking hanger-on to petticoats was he; not so: he was very well known to entertain that contempt for women which is due to a man who values his self-respect and scorns lies, finery, and make-believe fine speeches. And it was also very well known to all the country-side that, give him but a flier and a flout, he was ready with a cuff side o' the head; and if more was wanted, with a yard of tough ash, or a fist that weighed more than most. As for drink, he could toss it off with the best, and carry as much; as for racing, we had seen what he could do and how gallant a rider he was; and for hunting, shooting, badger-baiting, bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and cocking, there was not, he was ready to assure us, his match in the country. Why, then, should a man, of whom his country was proud—no mealy-mouthed, Frenchified, fine gentleman, of whom he would fight a dozen at once, so great was his courage—be sent about his business by a couple of women? He would let us know! He pitied our want of discernment, and was sorry for the sufferings which it would bring upon one of us, meaning Kitty; of which sufferings he was himself to be the instrument.

When he had finished this harangue he banged out of the room furiously, and we heard him swearing on the stairs and in the passage, inasmuch that Cicely and her mother came up from the kitchen, and the former threatened to bring up her mop if he did not instantly withdraw, or cease from terrifying the ladies by such dreadful words.

"My dear," said Mrs. Esther, "we have heard, alas! so many oaths that we do not greatly fear them. Yet this young man is violent, and I will to Lady Levett, there to complain about her son."

She put on her hat, and instantly walked to Sir Robert's lodgings, when, before the baronet, Lady Levett, and Nancy, she laid her tale.

"I know not," said Lady Levett, weeping, "what hath made our son so self-willed and so rustic. From a child he has chosen the kennel rather than the hall, and stable-boys for companions rather than gentlemen."

"Will is rough," said his father, "but I do not believe that he would do any harm to Kitty, whom he hath known (and perhaps in his way loved) for so long."

"Will is obstinate," said Nancy, "and he is proud and revengeful. He has told all his friends that he was about to marry Kitty. When he goes home again he will have to confess that he has been sent away."

"Yet it would be a great match for Kitty," said Will's mother.

"No, madam, with submission," said Mrs. Esther. "The disparity of rank is not great, as your ladyship will own, and Kitty will have all my money. The real disparity is incompatibility of sentiment."

"Father," said Nancy, "you must talk to Will. And Mrs. Pimpernel, take care that Kitty be well guarded."

Sir Robert remonstrated with his son. He pointed out, in plain terms, that the language he had used and the threats he had made were such as to show him entirely unfitted to be the husband of any gentlewoman: that Kitty was, he had reason to believe, promised to another man: that it was absurd of him to suppose that a claim could be founded on words addressed to a child overcome with grief at the death of her father. He spoke gravely and seriously, but he might have preached to the pigs for all the good he did.

Will replied that he meant to marry Kitty, and he would marry her; that he would brain any man who stood in his way; that he never yet was crossed by a woman, and he never would be; with more to the same effect, forgetting the respect due to his father.

Sir Robert, not losing his patience, as he would have been perfectly justified in doing, went on to remonstrate with his son upon the position which he was born to illustrate, and the duties which

that involved. Foremost among these, he said, were respect and deference to the weaker sex. Savages and barbarous men, he reminded him, use women with as little consideration as they use slaves; indeed, because women are weak, they are, among wild tribes, slaves by birth. "But," he said, "for a gentleman in this age of politeness to speak of forcing a lady to marry him against her will is a thing unheard of."

"Why, lad," he continued, "when I was at thy years, I would have scorned to think of a woman whose affections were otherwise bestowed. It would have been a thing due to my own dignity, if not to the laws of society, to leave her and look elsewhere. And what hath poor Kitty done, I pray? Mistaken an offer of marriage (being then a mere child and chit of sixteen) for an offer of friendship. Will, Will, turn thy heart to a better mood."

Will said that it was no use talking, because his mind was made up: that he was a true Kentishman, and a British bull-dog. Hold-fast was his name: when he made up his mind that he was going to get anything, that thing he would have: that, as for Kitty, he could no more show himself back upon the village-green, or in the village inn, or at any cock-fighting, bull-baiting, badger-drawing, or horse-race in the country-side, unless he had brought home Kitty as his wife. Wherefore, he wanted no more ado, but let the girl come to her right mind, and follow to heel, when she would find him (give him his own way, and no cursed contrariness) the best husband in the world. But, if not,—

Then, Sir Robert spoke to other purpose. If, he told his son, he molested Kitty in any way whatever, he would, in his capacity as Justice of the Peace, have him instantly turned out of the town; if he offered her any insult, or showed the least violence to her friends, he promised him, upon his honour, to disinherit him.

"You may drink and smoke tobacco with your grooms and stable-boys at home," he said. "I have long been resigned to that. But if you disgrace your name in this place, as sure as you bear that name, you shall no longer be heir to aught but a barren tile."

Will answered not, but walked away with dogged looks.

(To be continued)



THAT posthumous immortality for which literary men and women are supposed to crave may certainly be regarded as attained when their works reach the dignity of an *édition de luxe*. Although this is an age especially rich in fictional literature, this honour has been conferred on only two of our recently deceased novelists, namely, Thackeray and Dickens. The manner in which their stories originally appeared adds greatly, in the case of these two distinguished writers, to the interest of this form of republication, as lovers of their writings, and indeed bibliophiles generally, like to possess editions embellished with all the original engravings. This, which has been successfully accomplished in the case of Thackeray's works, is now being energetically carried out, with regard to the writings of Charles Dickens, by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, who have been associated with Mr. Dickens and his writings from the commencement. This work is printed by Messrs. Clay, Sons, and Taylor. Four volumes of this "luxurious" edition have already appeared, comprising the "Pickwick Papers" and "Barnaby Rudge." The whole work will be completed in thirty volumes, two appearing every month. This edition is illustrated with all the original steel plates and wood blocks, and also with additional engravings selected from later editions, whenever they are of sufficient merit. The old wrapper blocks are also reprinted. The steel plates used are the very original ones, which have been very carefully retouched, and the impressions of which look as sharp as those published forty years ago. Her Majesty the Queen has accepted the dedication of this edition, an exceptional favour, since, as a rule, she only grants the privilege of dedicating new books. We need scarcely say that in the hands of such a firm as Messrs. Clay, the typography and the general "get up" of the work leave nothing to be desired. The only drawback in our eyes is the bulkiness of the volumes caused by the thickness of the paper used, but rich men, with ample library accommodation, will not regard this as a fault. That the edition is confined to 1,000 copies, of which two-thirds have already been taken, will render the work all the more valuable to those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy.

"Handbook to Canada" (S. W. Silver and Co.). We are already acquainted with Messrs. Silver's Handbooks to Australasia and South Africa. They are concisely written, accurate in information, and full of practical details. The same praise may be accorded to the volume now before us, which (with the exception of Newfoundland, which has not joined the Dominion Confederation) comprises a survey of the whole of British North America. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia, are successively brought under review, the reader's researches being aided by an excellent map. To the intending emigrant the descriptions of Manitoba and British Columbia will be especially attractive. The former region is well-known for its wheat-growing capabilities. The climate, though undeniably bitterly cold in the winter, is declared to be pleasant and wholesome. British Columbia possesses the merit, at all events in its coast districts, of a climate which, in its average temperature, and in its freedom from extremes of heat and cold, more resembles that of the mother-country than any other colony. It only needs to be better known to draw a large contingent of settlers from these overcrowded islands.

"Cornelle and Racine," by Mr. H. Trollope, the new volume of "Foreign Classics for English Readers" (Blackwood and Sons) will interest a large class of readers; and if some of us think Mr. Trollope's estimate of the two great tragedians too high, we must make allowance for our schoolboy prejudices; French being at a discount in the school system, the learner was glad to vent on his French classics the spite which he dared not show to Greeks and Latins. Of course French tragedy is very unlike Shakespeare. Cornelle is forced and unreal, his characters talk like books; Racine had no high creative power, and clung to "the unities" as a beginner in writing does to the ruled lines. But still a whole nation is not deceived; and calm reading will show there is a good deal in a play like *Polyeucte*, despite the long pompous speeches. We who have *Julius Caesar* are not called on to extol *Cinna*, but we may well rank *Le Menteur* with many of Ben Jonson's best. Racine, Mr. Trollope admits, was far more limited than Cornelle; but he claims for him a firm grasp over what he did touch, and a delicacy of expression which makes people think that he is stilted. No doubt Racine always did his very best (some of his epigrams are keener than Boileau's), while Cornelle, as La Fontaine said, was inspired by his fairy only now and then; but we cannot go so far as to say that "he was as bitter as Milton and Dante because he was so intense." The lives of both tragedians are interesting. Cornelle, very poor, high-spirited, rough in society, as self-appreciative as Horace, witness the well-known line: "Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée," is the pleasanter character. Mr. Trollope compares him to Oliver Goldsmith, Racine behaved shabbily both to Molière and to his old tutors at Port Royal. Boileau comes out in reference to both in a very estimable light.

The seven judges appointed to award the 200 guinea prize for the best essay on "Painful Experiments on Living Animals, Scientifically and Ethically Examined," were so divided in opinion that in the end the money was divided between three, Dr. James Macaulay,

the Rev. Brewin Grant, and Mr. Abiathar Wall. Dr. Gimson's essay was withdrawn before adjudication, and separately published: the other three appear as "Vivisection" (Japp and Co.), an important contribution to a very important subject. We trust we are still separated by many aeons from the times when a scientist will walk out after breakfast to "stalk" a fellow-creature for purposes of scientific research; but since, as Professor F. Newman says, "it is wicked to torture a man, not because he has an immortal soul, but because he has a highly sensitive body," one has a right to demand whether the scientific value of experiments on living animals is such as in any way to justify the infliction of torture on their also highly sensitive bodies. Dr. Macaulay, analysing the twenty-two valuable results claimed by vivisectionists, upsets the claim in almost every instance. Of the value of Mr. Brewin Grant's "Handbook for Investigators," as he styles his essay, there may well be two opinions. When a man undertakes to disprove the three assumptions, that physiology is the basis of medicine, that experiment is the basis of physiology, and that only experts in experiments can judge of their value, he may be thought to undertake too much; especially when he goes on to say that physiology is only a knowledge of the functions in health, and that to know it can no more help us in disease than to know what eyes are for can help to cure weak sight. Rhetoric is not argument; nor does quoting "Oliver Twist" further a cause which can only be sustained by evidence. Much more to the purpose Mr. Wall shows how little real light experiments on living animals have thrown on the movements of the heart, so differently described by Majendie and Haller. Pain, he remarks, by causing systematic disturbance, makes experiments untrustworthy, whereas soon after death we can evoke nerve force without this disturbing element. This seems conclusive; but we by no means undervalue the moral value of the case, on which all the essayists write forcibly and to the point.

Huntsmen are glad of anything to do when the weather gives their horses a holiday. They might do much worse than take up Mr. Bagot's "Men we Meet in the Field" (Tinsley). The sketches, which appeared in the *Country Gentleman and Sporting Gazette*, are spirited and life-like, and full of local character. Mr. Bagot's "lady who hunts and rides" is well contrasted with her who "hunts and does not ride." He believes in hunting parsons—tells of one who was the idol of his parish, and volunteered as a thing of course to dig out the prisoners in a colliery accident. His hunting doctor is a famous fellow; and even the rich City man, whom the swells politely make fun of, turns out not so bad after all. He thinks fox and pheasant can be easily combined, and his account of the old trencher system is well worth reading.

A summer walk through London shows us how the love of flowers has developed during the lifetime of those not past middle age; and in the country it is the same. Every year more people take a personal interest in their gardens. Hence the call for so many books about flowers and fruits, and how to grow them. A more thorough book than "An Epitome of Gardening" (Black, Edinburgh) we have seldom seen. Written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," it has been altered and brought up to the most recent date, and enriched with a valuable introduction by Mr. Maxwell Masters on "The Principles of Horticulture." Under this head, leaf action, root action, plant architecture, the kinship of plants, &c., are all cleverly and tersely treated of; and a chapter on garden structures is followed by an exhaustive description of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, with hints as to the mode of culture.

Owing to illness and other afflictions—as he informs us in a private note—Mr. Close—more commonly known as Poet Close—has only just sent us his Grand Christmas Book for 1880. As usual, it is full of prose and verse from his facile pen, and is adorned with woodcuts of various degrees of merit. As we have said before, it is a book to enliven a rainy hour in the Lake District. The Poet, who is now in his sixty-fifth year, is still to be found till September at his bookstall at Bowness.

PRAGUE

THE first thing that every one does upon arriving at Prague is to hurry off at once to the grand old bridge, the most perfect medieval structure of the kind in Europe, with its graceful gateway-towers and strange groups of statuary over each pier. We, of course, did as all the world does, and found ourselves upon the bridge at Prague one calm and beautiful evening, just as the harvest moon was rising over the buildings of the Hradschin. The spires of the Cathedral and the Benedictine Abbey, and the long line of roof of the vast palace, formed a *silhouette* against the clear sky. The churches and buildings of the Kleinseite lay at the foot of the great Bohemian Acropolis in deep shadow, the gloom here and there heightened, rather than illuminated, by the gleam from some house-window or lamp reflected in a long train of light on the rippled surface of the Moldau. Looking in the opposite direction the countless towers, spires, and domes of the Alt-Stadt seemed to rise as if by magic, brilliantly lit up by the moonbeams. A feeling came over the mind that this must indeed be the perpetual abode of peace, and an earthly Utopia. Just opposite to where we stood gazing upon this enchanting scene was a tall bronze statue, and as the moon rose higher its gleams fell upon the face of the figure, and revealed a sad but noble countenance, whose downcast eyes were fixed intently upon a crucifix. In a moment all ideas of peace and Utopia were banished, for upon the very spot where we stood a most atrocious crime had been perpetrated five centuries back, for it was here that John Nepomucine was assassinated by order of the cowardly and jealous Wenceslaus for refusing to reveal the confession of the Queen. This seems to have been the prelude to acts of even greater violence, for within a few years Prague gained the unenviable notoriety of being the first city in Europe which had made religion the excuse for wholesale carnage and devastation. For more than two centuries, with few intermissions, its streets were the scene of insurrection and every kind of violence, until in the year 1618 a flame was here kindled which set the whole of Europe in a blaze, and for thirty years deluged Germany in blood. Nor did its troubles end here; for Prague was the chief theatre of the Seven Years' War; and even in 1848 its streets again flowed with human blood.

The great palace of the Hradschin, which has for centuries looked down upon these turbulent scenes, is now to become the residence of the Crown Prince of Austria and his bride, and let us hope that happier days are in store for this beautiful city. The Palace of the Hradschin, though by no means one of the most magnificent Royal residences in Europe, is probably one of the largest. Its size may be judged by the fact that it encloses within its courtyards a cathedral, a Benedictine abbey, a Royal convent, and possesses nearly five hundred apartments, the most interesting of which are the Coronation Hall, and the noble Hall of King Ladislaus, a building of very nearly the same dimensions as our Westminster Hall. The most ancient portion of this immense palace is its eastern extremity, where several towers of the old castle of the Bohemian Kings exist. Amongst them is the Daliborka, a name as ominous in Bohemian history as the Bastille in that of France, or the Star Chamber in that of our own country. Here are to be seen the torture chamber and dungeons that make one shudder to think of the agony which their unfortunate occupants must have endured.

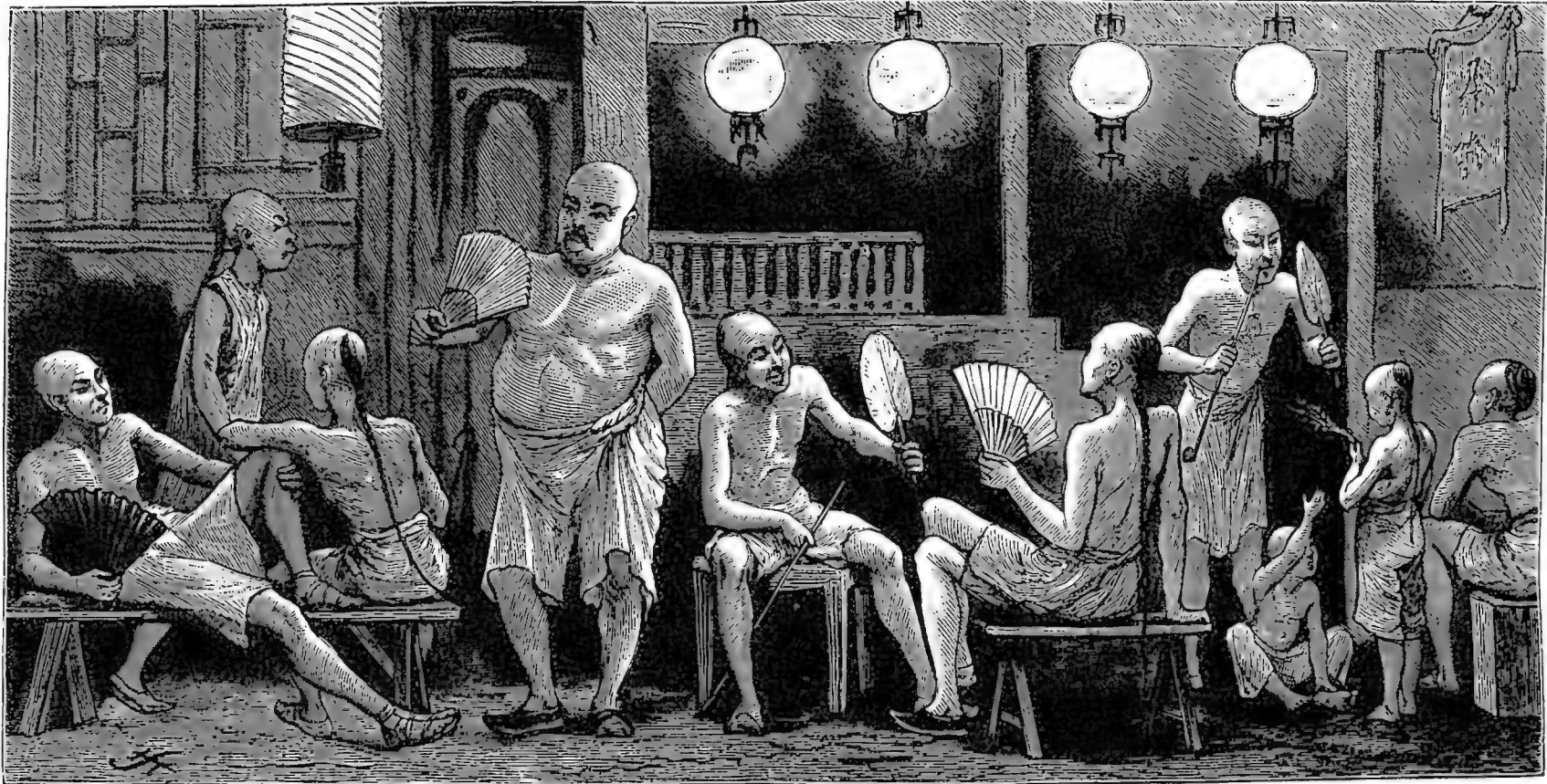
The Cathedral is a copy of Cologne, and, like that great church, remained unfinished down to our own time—it is now being completed by the addition of a nave. Within the building is a perfect museum of antiquities, monuments, pictures, bronzes, mosaics, and carvings of every date and age. The vast silver shrine of St. John Nepomucine, with its costly but tasteless ornaments in the style of the eighteenth century, occupies a part of the south aisle, and the



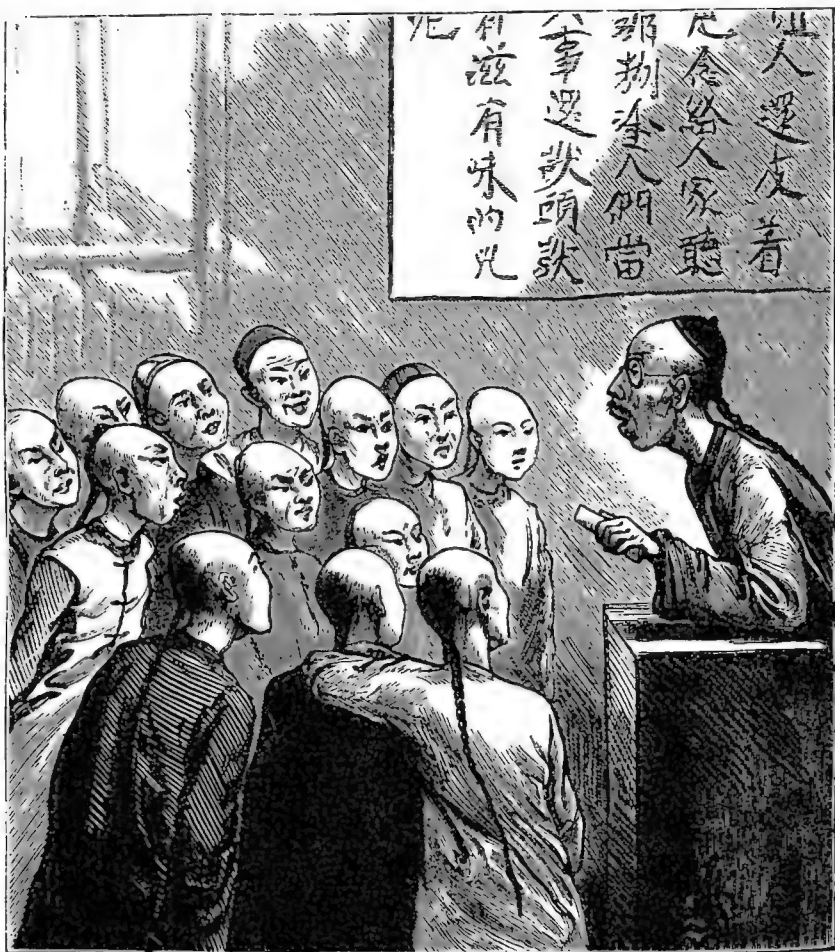
CANOEING ON THE LOTUS LAKES



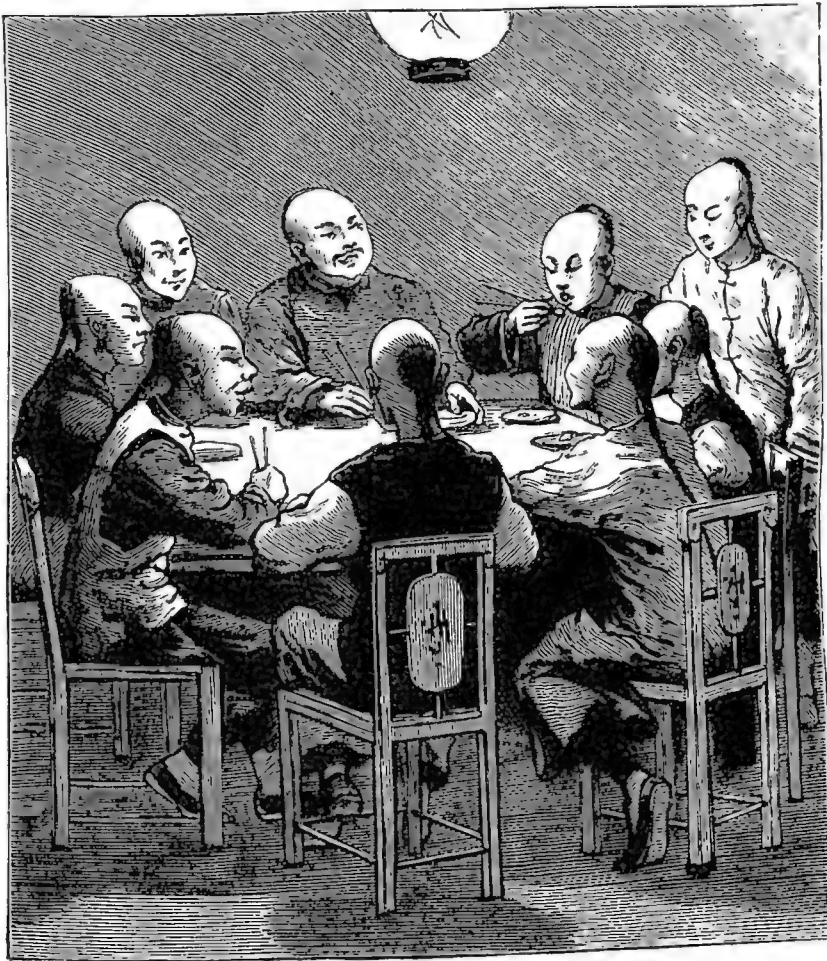
CHINESE SANPAN



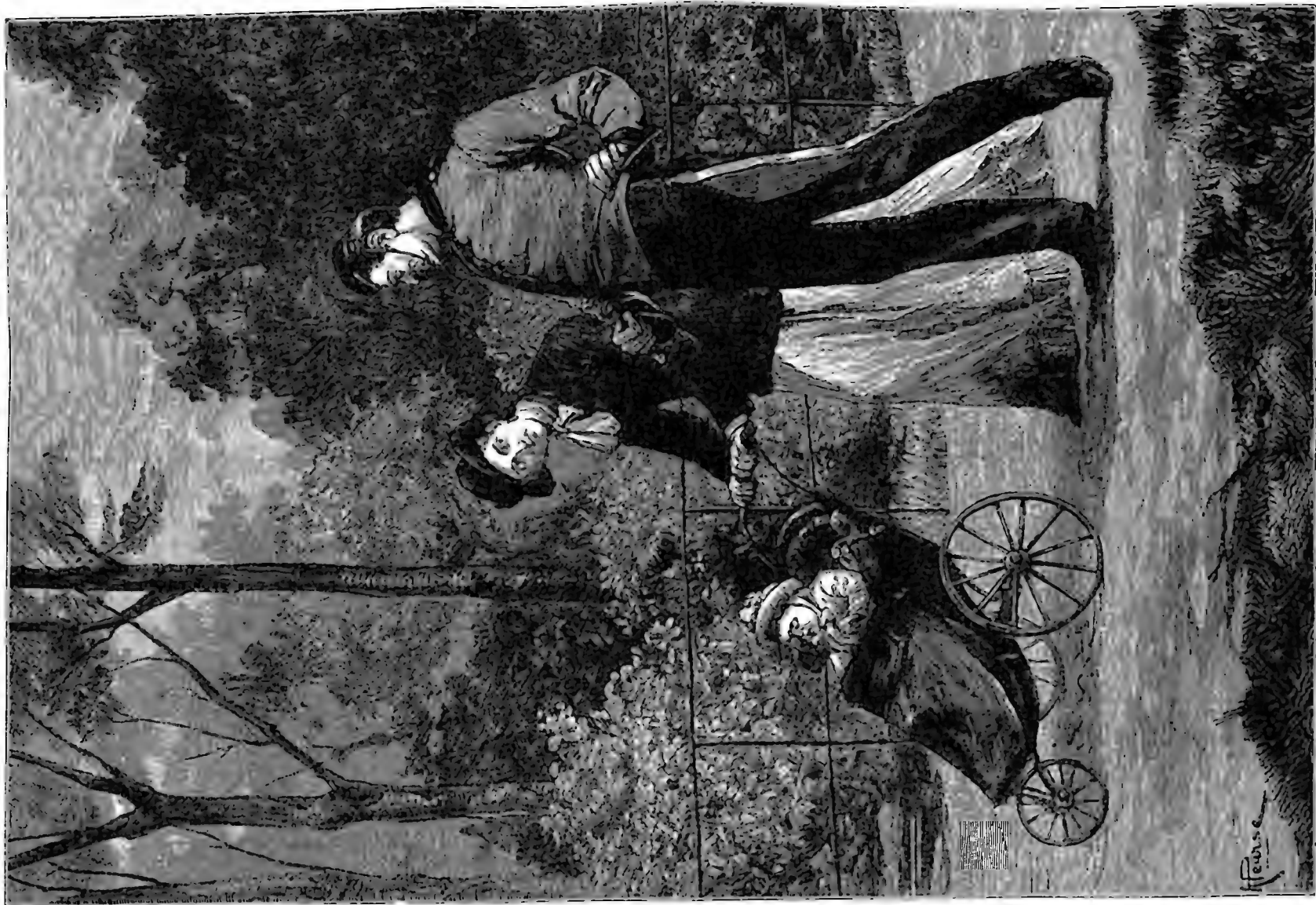
A SUMMER NIGHT IN SHANGHAI



A STREET STORY-TELLER



A CHINESE DINNER PARTY



"ESCORT DUTY"



ROGATION DAY IN THE OLDEN TIMES - BEATING THE BOUNDS

beautiful Chapel of St. Wensel, with its ancient frescoes and mosaics, forms the south transept. The Benedictine Church, with its twin spires and ancient crypt, is to the east of the Cathedral, and contains monuments of the Bohemian kings from the tenth century.

A portion of the great palace called the Damenstift forms a singular kind of convent for noble ladies. The nuns, or rather, "Canonesses," are allowed to attend balls, operas, concerts, &c., and may, after leaving the "Stift," marry. The present Queen of Spain was for some years Lady Abbess. The Chapel of the Damenstift is shown in our view, immediately below the Cathedral. Nearly adjoining, is a portion of the palace, which has indeed a sinister notoriety. Within it were held the meetings of the Bohemian Diet, and on the 23rd of May, 1618, the Imperial Councillors, Slavata and Martinitz, were thrown out of window by the other members of the Diet. The places where they fell are marked by two obelisks. With this piece of lawless brutality began "The Thirty Years' War."

The Palace of Wallenstein, whose name is so mixed up with that terrible time, is in the Kleinseite, immediately below the Imperial palace. It still belongs to the Wallenstein family, and its graceful buildings and pretty gardens are well kept. Crossing the bridge the first object which attracts our attention is the noble old bridge tower erected by that great benefactor to Prague, the Emperor Carl IV. This tower resisted the whole forces of Gustavus Adolphus for fourteen weeks, and saved the Altstadt from capture by the Swedes.

The Rathhouse, in the Altstadt, has been the scene of almost countless horrors. From the great window shown in our sketch the Hussites, in 1419, flung out the German members of the Town Council upon the pikes of the armed mob beneath. The same horrible cruelty was again perpetrated in 1483, and in 1621 and 1633 wholesale executions took place here, and German vengeance disgraced itself by cruelty almost as horrible as the atrocities perpetrated by the so-called "National Party" of the Bohemians. The Theinkirche, with its graceful spires and lofty nave, is to churches what

the celebrated Vicar of Bray is to vicars. Erected in 1407, it was first a Catholic church, then given over to the Hussites, then to the Utraquists, then to the Calvinists, then to the Lutherans, and in 1622 was returned to its first possessors. Tycho Brahe, the celebrated astronomer, is buried here. We must not omit to mention two of the very interesting sights of Prague—the old thirteenth-century Synagogue and the Jews' burial ground, both in the Judenstadt. In the Synagogue is to be seen the great banner given by Rudolph II. to the Jews for assisting him in his wars. Our sketch represents the Festival of Hamuca, when candles were dedicated and lighted in commemoration of the great victory gained by Judas Maccabeus over Antiochus and his army, after which the Temple and Altar were restored for public worship.

English tourists visiting Prague for the first time should be prepared for one or two Bohemian peculiarities. That of kissing the hand is rather startling to English ladies. This practice is now being given up in the larger shops, in the more frequented parts of the town, and the polite shopkeeper simply says at parting, "I kiss your hand, gracious lady;" in the older and more national part of the town English ladies must not be astonished if the polite shopkeeper does really give effect to his words. It is, however, always done in the most respectful manner, and should never be resisted.

Prague is certainly the headquarters of organ-grinders. Those who wish to accustom their ears to noises of every description cannot do better than spend a few weeks in the Bohemian capital.

The Bohemian *cuisine* is peculiar, and those who object to *gourmet* should not leave their hotel to dine at a restaurant. Those, however, who are adventurous enough try the national style of feeding will find it solid, though greasy, but let them carefully avoid an abominable dish called "Blau gesottene karpfen." This horror consists of a fat flabby carp served up cold in oil, stuffed with raisins, and covered with grated sugar! Good guides are to be obtained at the hotels, but visitors should carefully avoid the "touts" that abound

in the streets. Prague is by no means a cheap place to live in, and those who wish to economise will do well to avoid it, as, although less expensive than Vienna or Berlin, living is far dearer than in the great majority of German towns. Life, however, is very pleasant at Prague, but strangers should be very careful not to mix themselves up with any political party. Our advice to all English people visiting or staying at Prague is, Hear everything that the Bohemians say of the Germans, and everything that the Germans have to say about the Bohemians, but believe neither!

11. W. BREWER.

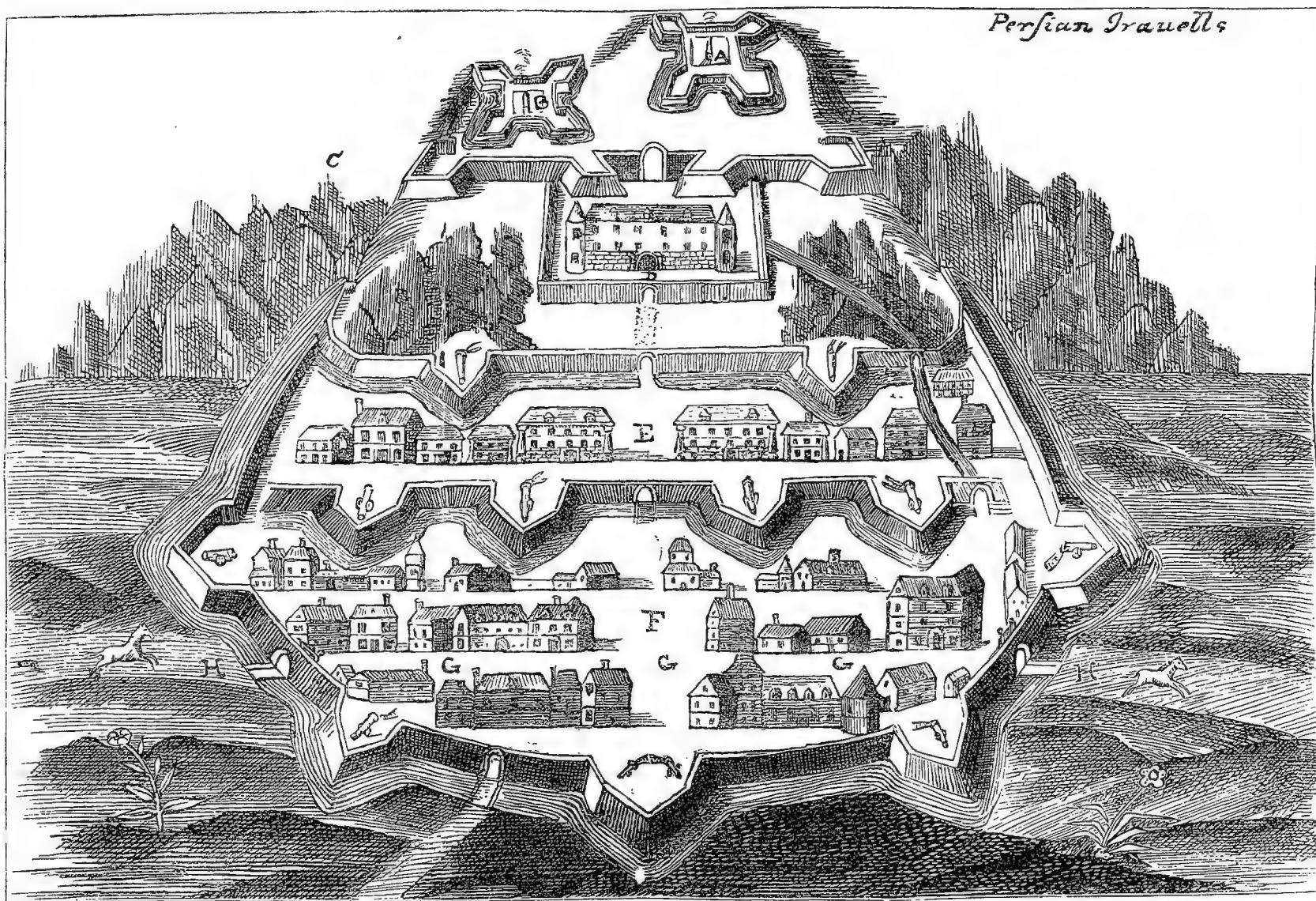
OLD CANDAHAR

THE recent abandonment of Candahar has excited general interest in that ancient city, which by many is thought to have been built by Iskander (Alexander the Great), and the subjoined view of the city published in 1660, in an old book of Indian and Persian travels, by M. Jean Baptiste Tavernier, will probably prove of interest to our readers. M. Tavernier wrote: "The City of Candahar is the chief of one of the conquer'd Provinces of Persia, having been often the occasion of war between the Kings of Persia and India. At length Sha Abbas became Master of it . . . and left the peaceable possession of Candahar to Sha-Sefi his grandchild. In whose time Alimerdan Kan (the Governour) * delivered it up to the Great Mogul. Sha Abbas the Second retook it in the year 1650. Whereupon Sha-gehan sent his eldest son to drive him out, yet the place was so well defended that he lost the best part of his army before it."

"The next year another army had no better success."

"Thereafter he assaulted it no more, and when the rains came raised his siege. The *fac simile* of the drawing is sent to us by Mr. Edmund Arblaster, of Great Yarmouth."

* Alimerdan-Kan was descended from the ancient Kings of Candahar, who were originally the Tartars.



A. The Principal Citadel. B. Another Citadel. C. The Mountain that reach'd to the next Citadel, which Sha Sefi cut away after he took the City. D. The Governour's House. E. The Lodgings for the Officers and Souldiers. F. The Piazza of the City. G. The Great Street. H. The two Causeys that lead to the City. I. The Path that leads from the Marsh to the City. K. The Lesser Way that leads from the City to the Citadel.

THE PLATFORM OF THE FAMOUS FORTRESS OF CANDAHAR, WHICH IS THE BEST PLACE IN ALL ASIA.—1660



"AN OCEAN FREE-LANCE" (3 vols: Bentley and Son) is the title which Mr. W. Clark Russell has chosen for his new Romance of the Sea. In form it is strikingly unconventional, being the private log of Mr. Julian Madison, first mate of the *Tigress*, privateer, during a cruise against the French and American shipping in 1812. As if completely conscious of his unequalled strength at sea and of his marked inferiority when on shore, Mr. Russell has reduced all the love-making and other stock business of fiction to the lowest minimum possible. Madeline Palmer, the girl who shares the first mate's last and worst perils, is in every way charming and worthy to be the wife of so fine a sailor: but the true heroine of the novel is the *Tigress* herself—that most dashing and fascinating of schooners with whom all her crew were over head and ears in love, and who makes the reader in love with her too. Possibly the novel contains no one incident so completely powerful as many of those in "A Sailor's Sweetheart," but in respect of variety, spirit, vivid energy, and mastery of touch, both in great effects and in the smallest details, it is amply worthy of the author who has never yet been surpassed by any who has written of the sea. To a great extent, the romance, which constantly disguises itself in all the seeming of reality, deals with a new element in transferring the reader's interest and sympathies from the King's ships to their not over-friendly rivals, the privateers. Mr.

Russell, like a great many other people, regrets that famous clause of the Treaty of Paris which deprives us for the future of our ancient volunteer navy, which had so much to do with making us supreme over the sea; and he seems to enjoy—he certainly makes his readers enjoy—the zest which the privateer's man gained from being able to salt his authorised service with the freedom and independence of the buccaneer. The book is instinct with that sea-spirit which no word but genius—never to be instinctly written—can fairly describe.

Painful experience leads us to distrust all novels which bear the name of a flower upon the title page. Such titles always seem to be the blossoms of a feeble soil. "Wooing a Sweetbriar," by Lolo (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), as the story of a flirt, may be held to possess a necessary and inherent interest, but it does not otherwise give the rule an exception. Yet some of the incidents are decidedly peculiar. The troubles of the heroine and of her sister-characters arise from letting themselves be detected in letting young men kiss them in ball-rooms. Wooing sweetbriars, if Linda Cayave fairly represents them, appears to be no trouble at all, though it is true that one of the young men who gave her one of the kisses in one of the ball-rooms—there were a great many ball-rooms and a great many young men—very unaccountably blew out his brains because she refused to marry him. The sweetbriar's lot was not entirely rose-coloured, for she had a father, a captain in the army, who used to knock her down when she vexed him, committed forgery, and drove her to the contemplation of a watery grave. But another of her young men happened to be passing by, asked her to marry him. The nature of the plot of the novel creates a tinge of mild and sentimental vulgarity; but that, apart from general weakness, is the worst positive fault with which "Wooing a Sweetbriar" can be charged.

The plot of "Love-Knots," by the Author of "Ursula's Love Story" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is irritating rather than interesting. We all know the style of story in which a group of people are set to play at cross purposes for no apparent object, beyond that of making conventional happiness follow an orthodox quantity of sentimental misery which ordinary people would have been able to avoid with the greatest ease. Of course the concoction of such a plot requires ingenuity. It cannot be always easy so to contrive that one of a given pair, or of a given double pair, of lovers shall be regularly engaged to some wrong person just when the other happens to be free, and so on, until the exact number of chapters have been filled. The question is whether the ingenuity is worthy of an end that might as well be placed in the middle of the first volume as at the usual page of the third. "Love-Knots" is a perfectly appropriate title in this case, and tells its own story.

Miss Thackeray is always delightful; and those who remember her "Five Old Friends and a Young Prince," will say that in "Miss Williamson's Divagations" (Smith and Elder) there is no falling off from that most enchanting of all remodellings of an old story. Since she became Mrs. Richmond Ritchie neither has her hand forgot its cunning nor has her eye lost any of its insight. Even those who read these stories month by month will be glad to have them gathered into a volume. In almost every one of them there is thought enough for a three-volume novel—thought and such careful outlining of character as makes us feel they deserve to be read over and over again. "A Postscript from a Stage Box," the finale of "Da Capo," is a sweet little tale of sorrow that ends in joy. "Across the Peat Fields" shows that thorough acquaintance with everyday French life, and skill in describing it, which we all know is one of Mrs. Ritchie's strong points. In the pathos of "Miss Morier's Visions" the authoress even surpasses herself.

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ASSOCIATION, 27, North Audley Street, Grosvenor Square.—Established for the IMMEDIATE ADVANCEMENT OF MONEY, at low interest, on Reversionary Life Interests and Securities of every description. One-third of amount required advanced pending completion.—Manager, Mr. GEO. HANBURY.

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IANSON (Registered) can be used as an open or closed vehicle, and only the weight of an ordinary car. Hired with option of purchase, drawings, &c., free JOHN MARSTON & CO., Bradford St., Birmingham.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

J. EPPS and CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, Makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoons.

THE ESSEX FLOUR and GRAIN

COMPANY, Liverpool Road, London, N., supply the best goods only. Flour: Whites for Pastry, per 50 lbs., 5s. 4d.; Households, for Bread making, 8s. 8d.; Wheatmeal for Brown Bread, 8s.; Best Scotch Oatmeal for Porridge, per 14 lbs., 3s.; American Hominy, 2s.; Barley, Buck Wheat, and Mixed Corn for Flour, per bushel, 5s. 0d.; Indian Corn, 5s.; Middlings, 3s.; Bran, 2s.; Pearl Split, per peck, 3s.; Split Egyptian Lentils, 3s.; Meat Biscuits, per 14 lbs., 2s. 6d.; Barley Meal, per 48 lbs., 5s. 0d.; Lentil Flour, per 1 lb. tin, 8d.; per 14 lbs., 6s. All other kinds of Grain and Seeds. Price List on application. Special quotations for large orders. P.O. Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

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PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878. Awarded the GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

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Twenty-eight PRIZE MEDALS. Consumption annually exceeds 18,000,000lb.

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EVERYBODY who has tried DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS is that they are unequalled for BILIOUS and LIVER COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, GIDDINESS, DIZZINESS OF THE EYES, &c., having proved effective in many cases of HABITUAL COSTIVENESS, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, LOSS OF APPETITE, INDIGESTION and GENERAL DEBILITY. They act mildly on the bowels without griping, give tone to the stomach, thus invigorating the constitution and strengthening the whole nervous system. Prepared by W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour Place, London, W. Sold everywhere. The genuine are in square green packages.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureo-

line produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 1s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

The safest and most gentle aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and infants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

for CONSTIPATION, BILE, HEADACHE

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

A LAXATIVE and REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, Universally prescribed by the Faculty

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

2s. 6d. the box, stamp included. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists. Wholesale, F. GRILLON, 69, Queen St., London, E.C.

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CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. Browne (late Army Medical Staff) discovered a remedy, to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the Sole Inventor, and it is therefore evident that, as he has never published the formula, anything else sold under the name of CHLORODYNE must be a piracy.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

CHLORODYNE.—All attempts at analysis have failed to discover its composition.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See the *Times*, July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

CHLORODYNE is a Liquid Medicine which assuages pain of every kind, affords a calm and refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the Nervous System when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

CHLORODYNE.

Extract from the *Medical Times*, Jan. 12, 1866.

"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

From Surgeon Hawthorne, Henry Street, Banbridge, Ireland.

"I have been in the habit of prescribing your preparation of Chlorodyne pretty largely these last three months. I have invariably found it useful, particularly in the latter stages of Phthisis, allaying the incessant and harassing cough; also in Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

CHLORODYNE most effectively relieves those too often fatal diseases, CROUP and DIPHTHERIA.

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CHLORODYNE.

is the great specific for CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY Remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, December 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.

The General Board of Health, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM SYMES and CO., Pharma-

ceutical Chemists, Medical Hall, Simla.—January 5, 1880.

To J. T. DAVENPORT, Esq., 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Dear Sir,—We embrace this opportunity of congratulating you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleric Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours,
SYMES and CO.
Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain.
His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

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CHLORODYNE.

rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, PALPITATION, SPASMS, HYSTERIA, COLIC.

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CHLORODYNE.

is the true palliative in NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Every bottle of genuine CHLORODYNE bears on the Government Stamp the name of the Inventor,

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 2½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.

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LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

GLYKALINE.

THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
Cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and Respiratory Ailments.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves

Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in the winter, averts Diphtheria, and unobtainably clears the bronchial tubes. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. As a most efficacious remedy, GLYKALINE is unparelleled.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL

to GLYKALINE.

"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the valuable property of curing cold in the head. The man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The cold morning I awoke with the feeling of a general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testimony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of colds. He writes, disinterestedly, "desiring," as he says, "only to make known the healing properties of GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering human race."

GLYKALINE is the surest and

speediest Remedy, and all who suffer from obstructed breathing should use it. In bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

NEURALINE,

THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
Cures (and instantly relieves) Toothache, Neuralgia, and Nerve Pains.

NEURALINE is recognised as a

reliable Specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and corresponding disorders. It relieves INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted.

NEURALINE never fails to give

relief. It is in demand throughout the world. As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly celebrated, a single application (in many cases) permanently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-house, Island of Lewis, N.B.:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved this most successful REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated directions with each.

AUROSINE,

THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
Preserves the Hands, the Skin, and the Lips.

AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,

Unsightliness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of sea-air, &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the influences of exposure. It renders the surface of the skin a perfectly smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness, and the natural hue of health, while in no degree impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE is pleasant to use and agreeable in its perfume, while colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,

A LIQUID DENTIFRICE,
The Best for the Teeth and Gums.

This elegant and approved preparation may be used in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, guards them against decay, improves and preserves the enamel, and hardens the Gums, while benefitting their colour. As an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, the Dentifrice is widely esteemed and in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

BERBERINE,

FOR INTERNAL DISORDERS.

A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by stimulating the Stomach, promotes its healthy action, removing Dullness, Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Pains in the Back; while against Indigestion and concomitant evils it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

OZONISED OIL,

THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE HAIR.

By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished and its natural appearance improved, but decay and weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and prejudicial influences eradicated. It is proportionately welcome to all who complain of their Hair falling off, as OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens the fibre, while merely requiring to be well brushed into the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s.

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE

FOR THE TEETH.

Will be found most serviceable wherever there exists evidence of decay. This liquid stopping protects the exposed nerves from cold or foreign substances (as crumbs), and while giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. The Essence cures Toothache, and does not impede mastication. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

CHILBLAIN LINIMENT,

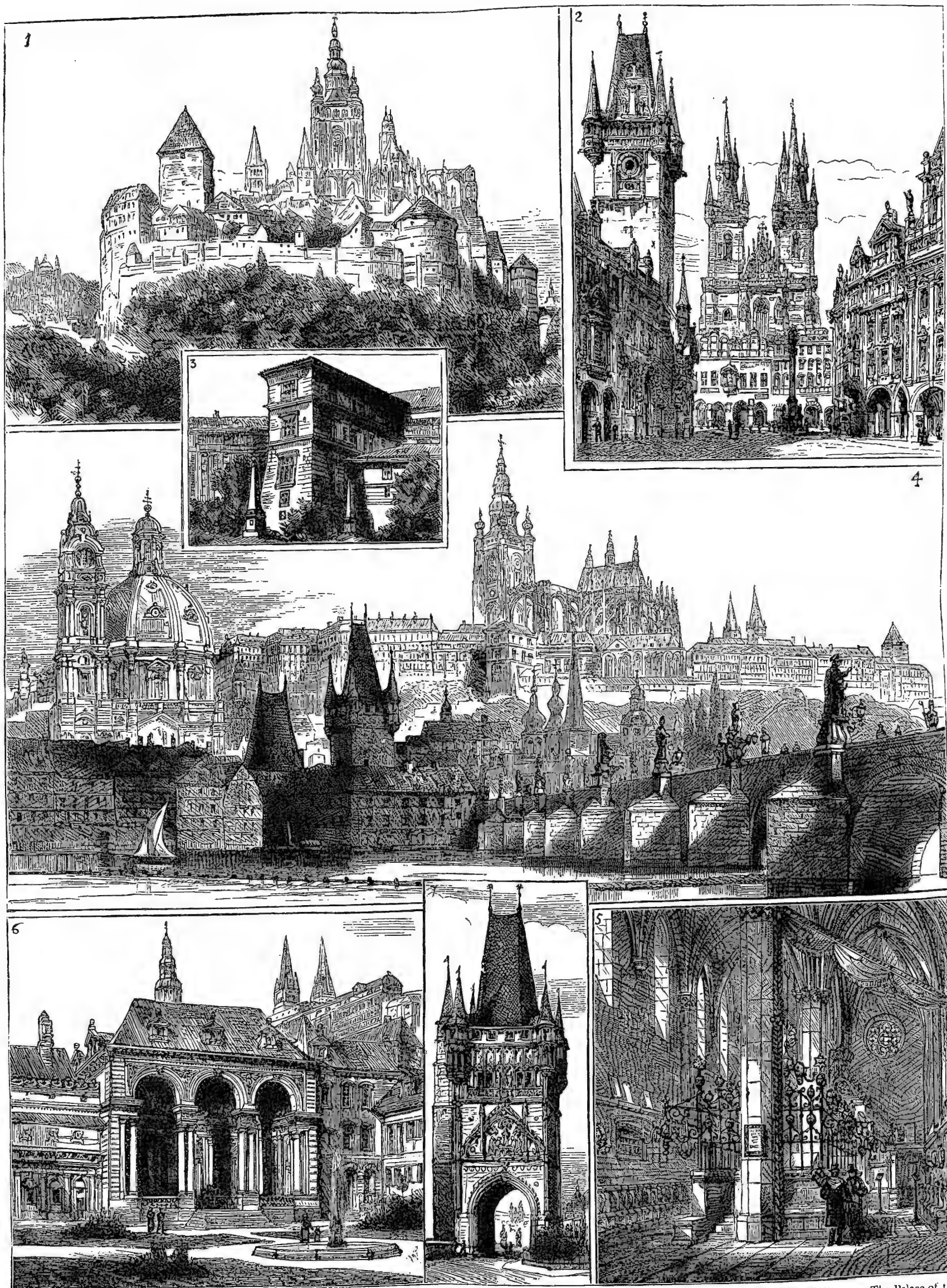
TESTED AND APPROVED.

The experience of a steadily increasing demand during the past several Winters, and the promptness with which this most serviceable and unpretentious Remedy for Chilblains speedily effects their removal, and soothes their painful and irritating sensations. Complete directions with the bottles. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

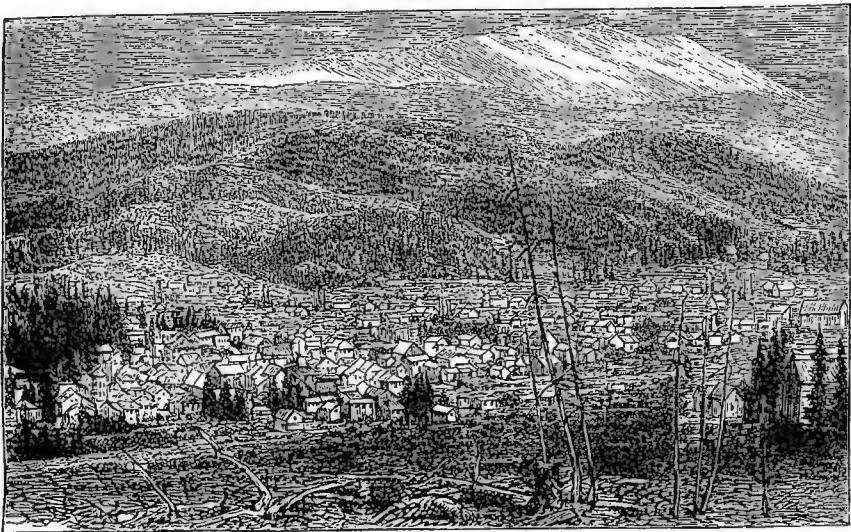
SPECIALLY PREPARED.

These powders are applicable to both Children and Adults. Especially they are very effective in expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds (known as Ascarides) which the pests of infants. Intestinal worms of larger dimensions are got rid of by the use of these Powders with remarkable facility, and consequently adults or persons in years will obtain relief, the efficacy of the preparation (CHENOPodium ANTHELMINTICUM) being quite unquestionable. While the appetite and general health are improved, together with tone to the system, the Powders create no nausea, and are in no way dangerous. Directions with each box. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, free.

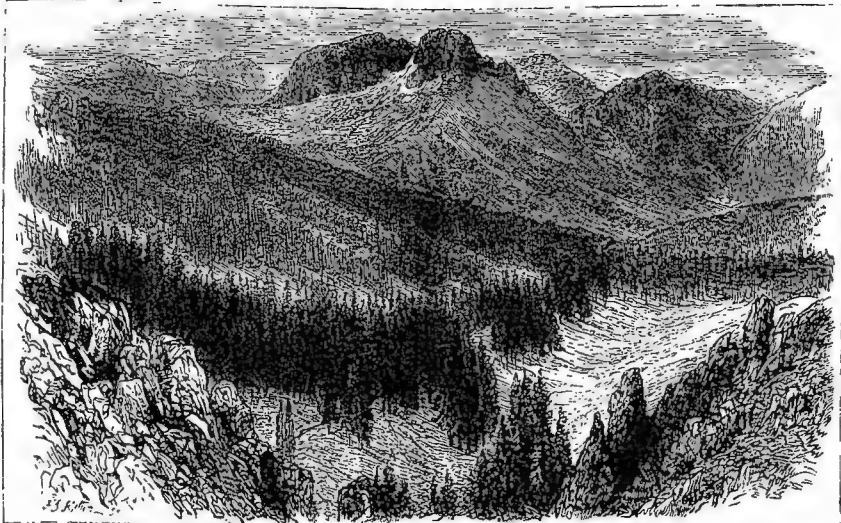


1. Palace of the Hradshin from the East.—2. Rathhaus, Theinkirche.—3. Portion of the Hradshin Palace, Scene of the Commencement of the Thirty Years' War.—4. The Palace of the Hradshin, Kleinseite, and Bridge.—5. Old Synagogue.—6. Wallenstein's Palace.—7. Alt-Stadt, Bridge Tower.

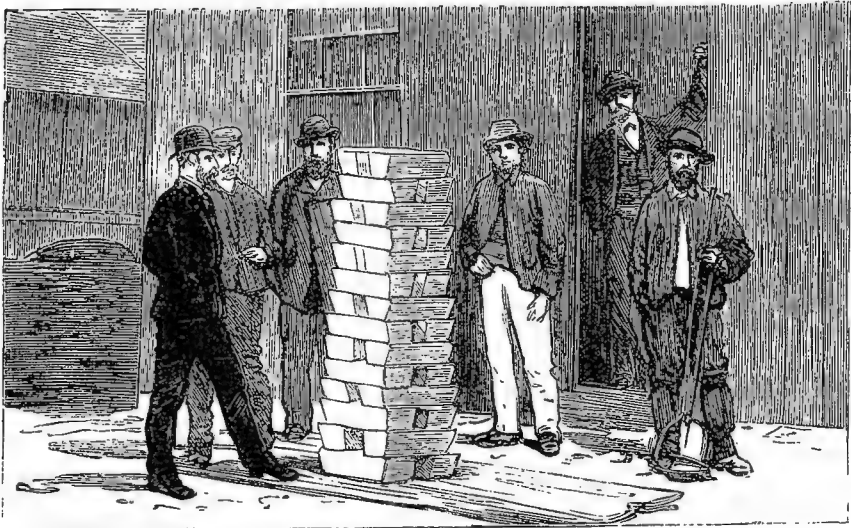
THE ROYAL WEDDING IN AUSTRIA—SKETCHES IN PRAGUE, WHERE THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WILL RESIDE



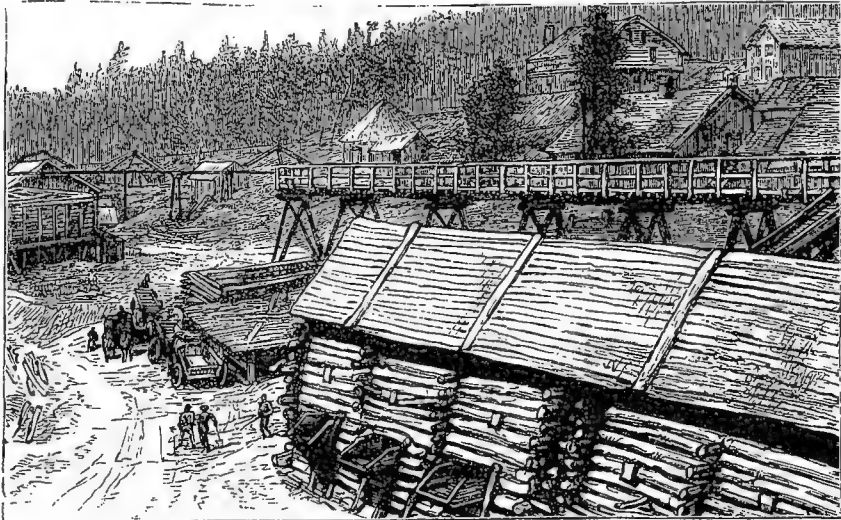
BRECKENRIDGE, GENERAL VIEW



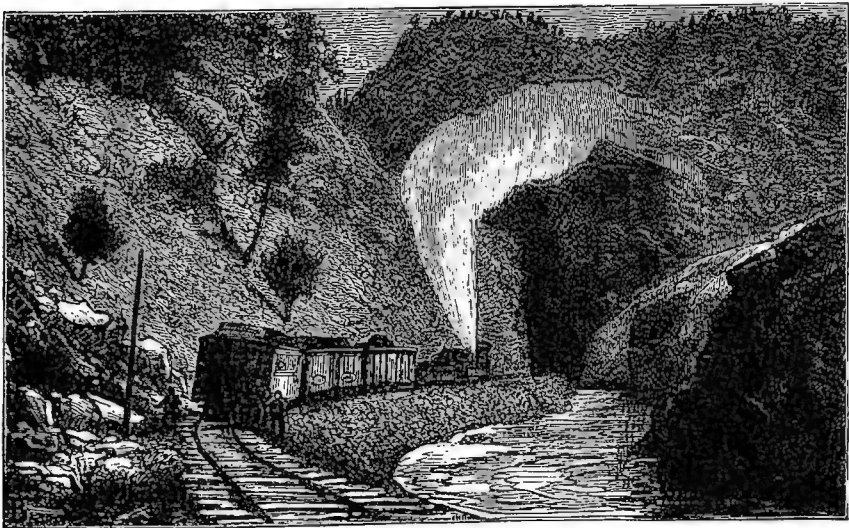
THE GRAND CRATER, MIDDLE PARK



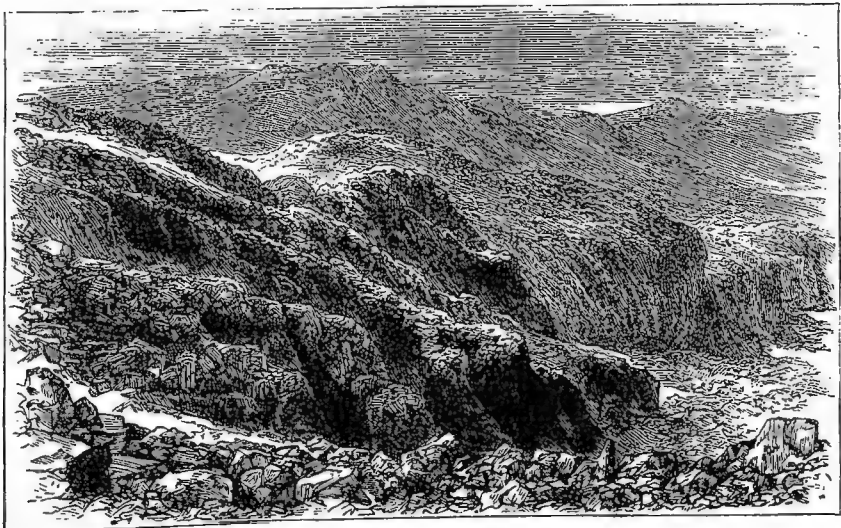
A PILE OF SILVER BRICKS



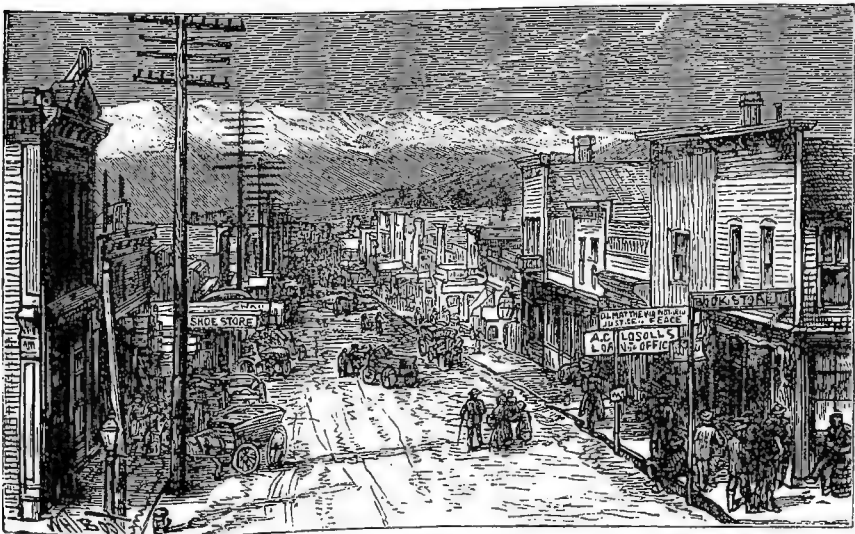
THE FIRST DISCOVERED CARBONATE MINE



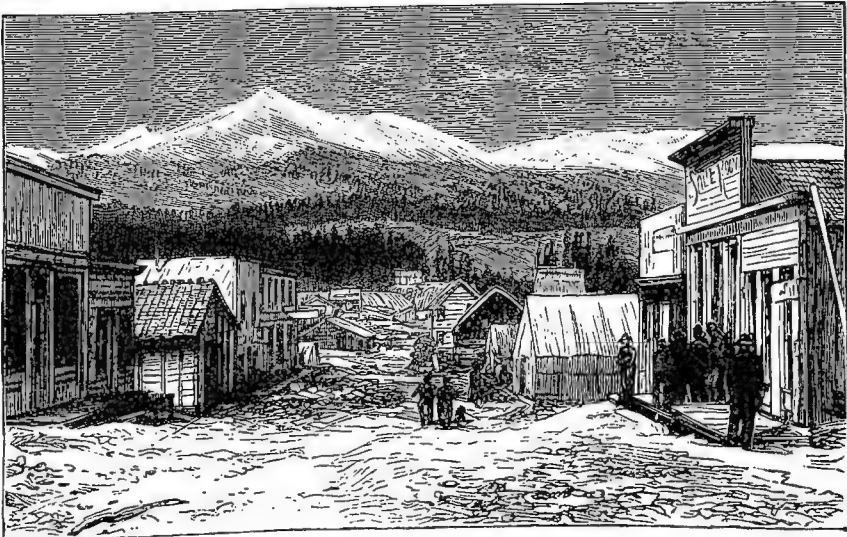
THE RAILWAY ABOVE BEAVER



ABYSS OF DESOLATION—PIKE'S PEAK



LEADVILLE



A STREET IN BRECKENRIDGE

the second place.—*En revanche*, "Franz Grillparzer" is an excellent critique of a poet best known to English readers for his "Sappho" admired long ago by Byron, and whose late apotheosis in his own country has been due, perhaps, less to tardy recognition of his merits than to the new-born desire of celebrating all things German. Of Grillparzer, the man, there is still, we fancy, something to be written. Certainly fragments of his prose writings lead one to suspect that there was a deal of romance—acted or only dreamed?—beneath his twofold ice of natural and bureaucratic reserve, which was not all "used up" in play-writing and verse-making.—In "A Bishop's Confession" we seem to welcome another of those clever stories of France under the Empire which were once quite a feature in the *Cornhill*.

Temple Bar, though strongest in its fiction, has also more than one entertaining essay. "Arab Humour, I," opens well with some good and some slightly Joe-Millerish examples of the ready wit of the high-born Arab in days anterior even to the "prime of good Haroun Alraschid."—"William Blake," by Mr. F. Wedmore, is a graceful paper—prompted seemingly by the new edition of Gilchrist's "Life"—on the "Pictorial Ignorance."

"The Little Earl," a pretty child's story by "Ouida," if not precisely in her happiest vein, is at least a pleasant relief to the distinctly dreary serials of *Belgravia*.—"Rambles about Eton" conduct us lightly along the banks of the Thames from Bisham (where the "Last of the Barons" was interred) to Henley.—"The Epicure in Jamaica" gives a lively picture of the daily turtle, the landcrabs, and the ring-tailed pigeons, which feebly compensate the Briton in the tropics for the lost beef and mutton of his native isle.

An eyewitness narrative of "Sir Donald Stewart's March from Kandahar to Kabul," a respectable feat, crowned by a fairly respectable victory, which has been unduly "eclipsed by the glare of more recent events," is next to a long instalment of Mr. Henry James's novel, the most important paper in *Macmillan*.—"The English Community in Iowa," by Mr. R. Benson—another boating name—is a more detailed account of the agricultural colony founded by Mr. Close, the University oarsman, so favourably spoken of in last month's *Harper*.

Under the title, "What Became of Cromwell?" the *Gentleman's* gives a most interesting *resumé* of the various legends (all more or less backed up by evidence) as to the true disposal of the Protector's body—interred at Westminster, only to be exhumed and hanged at Tyburn after the Restoration, concealed from search beneath the sword of Red Lion Square, or silently laid to rest on Naseby Field. *Apropos* of Trichine, Mr. Matthieu Williams suggests in *Science Notes* that since excess of heat destroys these *entozoa*, excess of cold may do so too, and advises exporters of Chicago pork to address themselves accordingly to "The Frozen Meat Company."

Both *Scribner* and the *Atlantic* furnish noteworthy additions to the fast-growing "Carlyle literature." Mr. Emerson's "Impressions of Thomas Carlyle in 1848," a paper read under very interesting circumstances before the Historical Society of Massachusetts in February last, must be pronounced, with all respect for Mr. Saintsbury's eulogistic estimate of "The Literary Work of Thomas Carlyle," the more important paper in the former. Emerson's notion of Carlyle as "a sort of portable cathedral-bell, to be produced in companies where he is unknown, and set a-swinging to the surprise and consternation of all," reminds one funnily of Mr. Carlyle's own desire to carry about De Quincey in a box, and take him out when he wanted him to talk.—Among the other papers we may notice "Mutineers of the *Bounty*," by Rosalind A. Young, an interesting narrative by one of themselves of the fortunes of the little group which returned in 1859 from Norfolk Island to their earlier home.

To the *Atlantic* Mr. Henry James—not the novelist—contributes some most dramatic, though far from flattering, "Personal Recollections of Carlyle," which nevertheless he seems to think will "tend to enhance the great personal prestige Carlyle enjoyed during life." After all, shall we like Carlyle the less in the end because he was distinctly *not* a disciple of the "mutual admiration" school?

In the *North American* Mr. George Q. Cannon combats vigorously in his "Utah and Its People" the recent attacks of the Gentile author of "Political Attitude of the Mormons." Utah, he asserts, contains a smaller percentage of foreign-born citizens than several other States and Territories, while of its twenty-two chiefs eighteen are Americans *par sang*. All this, however, only shows that "the peculiar institution" is "bossed" by Yankees.—"The 'Life-saving Service' is a valuable record of the good work done in this department for the ten years during which it has been directly supported by the State, and not left (as it still is in Europe) to the precarious help of voluntary contributions.

"Mountaineering in Malvern," a pleasant fancy by one who is obliged to see with others' eyes, is, perhaps, next to some fresh chapters of "Sophy's," not uninteresting adventures, the most noticeable paper in the new number of *Time*.—In the *Theatre* Mr. Waller continues his chronicles of "The Old Houses" with an interesting notice of the "First House in the Fields," the scene of Betterton's early triumphs.—*All the Year Round* keeps well up to the mark with some excellent miscellaneous papers, and a very promising new tale by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

"The Post Office and Aids to Thrift," by the Rev. W. L. Blackley, may divide with Professor Jevons' "Bi-metallism" the palm for practical interest in the *Contemporary*. Much as Mr. Fawcett has done to encourage saving among the poor, his work may still be improved in parts—most of all in the matter of Post Office Insurance. The Government terms are in truth more favourable than those of any private company. But they are not brought home sufficiently to the multitude, and the minimum of insurance is much too high. How both these drawbacks might be obviated without over-burdening a hard-worked department, and how savers and insurers might further be protected both from others and against themselves by specially devised "Savings Stamps," are the chief points in this solidly valuable paper.—"Mr. Froude as a Biographer," by Julia Wedgwood, perhaps the severest criticism which has yet appeared alike of the editor and author of "Carlyle's Reminiscences," decides that Mr. Froude "has acted like the discoverer of a goldmine, who should cart away tons of the earth in which the ore is embedded before beginning to separate any."—"Law Reform in the Days of Justinian," an account not of the Digest and the Code, but of the decline of the office of Prætorian Prefect, as described by Joannes Lydus, a disappointed official of the Præfect's Court;—"The Book of Birth Stories," a *recueil* of Buddhist tales and allegories, often curiously illustrative of the proverbs and fables of the Western World; and "Ancient Egypt in its Comparative Relations," a republication of Mr. Poole's Royal Institution Lectures on the character and sources of the religion of the Egyptians and its relation to other primitive beliefs, are papers, one and all, which lovers of research should diligently peruse and "make a note of."

"English and Eastern Horses," by Sir F. Doyle, if not the most important, is, on the whole, the most entertaining contribution to the *Fortnightly*. Like Mr. Blunt and Captain Upton, the writer is of opinion that our breed of racehorses might advantageously be reinforced by a fresh strain of Eastern blood; but, unlike these authorities, would ascribe as much or even more importance to the North African Barb or the "White Turk" (if any of this latter stock can still be found) than to the Kohlan or Jelfan Arabian. "The finest horse in the world"—indeed, to quote Lord Beaconsfield—"is not the Arab, but the white Anatolian," a gentleman among horses, even in the days when the Bedouin were still riders upon camels.—A well-informed paper by C. Cameron, M.D.,

replies in the affirmative, on the strength of irrefragable statistics, to the question, "Has Our Vaccination Degenerated?"

Blackwood for May is a little overdone with four articles—fair, but in nowise striking—on subjects of a political nature. The most original is "Mr. Gladstone's Eleventh Budget"—a Budget so modest, non-retrenching, and *au fond* disappointing to Radical expectations, that the writer comes to the conclusion that the Prime Minister, despite all pretence of its being "probably his last," has been thus slyly paving the way for sweeping financial changes in the year to come.—A "French Speculation" is a pleasing romance of the making of a new watering-place.—"The Sword," a quaint paper in *Blackwood's* peculiar vein on the distinctive weapon of the *gentil-homme*, is, perhaps, a little unjust to the moral influences of the musket. If weapons do count for anything in the formation of national character, the lessons of the rifle may surely be as clearly traced in the temperament of the Yankee as those of the *arme blanche* in the chivalry of France.

In *Harper*, Mr. Moncreu Conway's "Thomas Carlyle" is not more welcome for its genial anecdotes of the Sage of Chelsea and his friends than for the absence of all allusion to the painful controversy now raging around his grave.—Art progress in the United States is prettily illustrated by two good papers on "Music and Musicians in New York," and on "The Decorative Pottery of Cincinnati."—"Camp Lou" tells how one dying of consumption was restored to life and health by a year's "camping out" in the pine-woods of the Adirondacks.

Our *Times*, a new shilling monthly of 150 pages, whose object will be "to deal entirely with the practical questions of the day treated in a practical way," offers at starting a choice of some two dozen articles, in which politics and social science, art, criticism, and fiction, are equally represented. "The Boy Bishop," the chief story, opens well, and passing events are quaintly discussed in the somewhat novel form of a "Monthly Letter to Friends Abroad." Altogether there is a slight flavour of originality about the whole number by no means amiss in a serial which desires not to imitate older rivals, but to occupy new and independent ground.

Two interesting papers in the *Army and Navy*—the one on the Tal Chotiali route from Southern Afghanistan to Kandahar, the other, headed "Sir G. Colley and the Intelligence Department," on the military approaches to the Transvaal; an amusing Irish story, "Boycotted," and a judicious article entitled "Taste in Dress," in that wonderful sixpennyworth, the *Burlington*; and a quaintly anecdotal paper upon "Beards," in the *St. James's*, are all of which space permits us to make mention.



CLEARING THE GROUND.—During the past month farmers have done a great deal in clearing the ground. For this operation the plough must be considered a very imperfect instrument. The so-called "Cultivators" are excellent machines, and half-a-dozen small farmers would do well to club together and keep one of them. They eradicate couch in a thorough manner, which work with the plough can hardly approach. The couch and other weeds when once torn from the soil should be immediately burnt. The ground in most parts of England is now healthily clear of weeds.

ENGLISH WHEAT has been quoted at 44s. 9d. per quarter for the past three weeks. It is very strange that the totals from 150 market towns should three times running add up to exactly the same figure, and that price-fluctuations should be exactly balanced by change in quality of the majority of samples. Strange it is, and yet true; unless, indeed, any one be daring enough to suggest that things are done somewhat "freely" at the office whence emanate the corn returns.

THE SEASON.—Fine warm days have brought many trees fully into leaf, and all are coming on apace. The ground is rather dry; but young corn seems to be growing well. Wheat is generally strong and healthy, though still decidedly backward. Barley and oats, where showing above the surface, have come up thickly, and promise well. Farmers also have reason to hope in the matter of spring beans and of spring tares. Mangolds have been extensively got in; spring sowings of grasses and clover are in active progress. Permanent pastures are making but slow progress owing to the comparative absence of moisture. The whole rainfall of April, at some places, was not half an inch. In the flower-garden lilacs are in early bloom; but even the latest hyacinths and narcissi are going off. Rhododendrons are beginning to blossom. In the woods anemones are out, and the wild hyacinth is beginning to light up the grassy shadows with the sweetest blue. In orchards there is a lovely show of blossom, and in some parks and gardens the double wild cherry has developed extraordinary luxuriance of white flower. Rural England is now at its sweetest, freshest, and fairest; while country mansions are closed, and "all Society" throngs dusty Piccadilly and solemn Pall Mall.

A MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.—That a special Department for Agriculture ought to be established was the unanimous resolution of the Central Chamber of Agriculture at their recent meeting. The present depression emphatically calls for special attention, and we hope there is truth at the bottom of the rumour already current that the Government will shortly make this just concession to the claims of British agriculture.

HIGHWAY RATES were discussed at the Central Chamber of Agriculture's meeting. Finally the Chamber passed a resolution protesting against the present levying of the highway rate, and expressing a strong opinion in favour of one half of the expense of maintenance being thrown upon the County Rate, and the other moiety paid out of the Consolidated Fund.

BIRMINGHAM DAIRY SHOW will be held in June. The prizes for cattle are on a liberal scale, and there are seven classes for goats. Great encouragement is offered for cheese. There are separate prizes for Stilton, Cheshire, Cheddar, Scotch, Derby, Leicester, and Warwick varieties. There are three classes allotted to fresh butter. The display of cheese and butter-making apparatus will be large and interesting. Earl Powis gives a prize for Shropshire wool. A prize of ten guineas will be given for the best collection of farm produce, exclusive of live stock.

JERSEY CATTLE form the subject of an admirable article, by Mr. Thornton, recently published. "Treated generously and kindly, kept warm and healthy, the Jersey cow will supply us with Nature's richest food, and exert a kind influence on our multiplying thousands."

HORSE-SHOEBING, says Mr. George Fleming, is attended by many evils. They may be enumerated as:—1. Paring of the sole and frog; 2. Applying shoes too heavy and of a faulty shape; 3. Employing too many or too large nails; 4. Applying shoes too small and removing the wall of the hoof to make the feet fit the shoes; 5. Rasping the front of the hoof. The shoe should give the foot a level natural bearing on the ground. Calks are hurtful, and may easily be dispensed with if the shoes have a concave ground surface, and the frog is allowed to come fully in contact with the ground.

COUNTRY EXCURSIONS have been arranged for by the Geologists' Association. The first, to Shirley and Addington, in Surrey, took

place on Monday last; the second will be to Grays, Essex, next Monday; the third to Sheppey, Kent, on May 23.

DEER AS PROPERTY.—The Master of the Rolls has just decided that the herd of 300 wild deer in Buxted Park, Sussex, are *feræ naturæ*, not to be treated as chattels, and in which there can be no property as personal estate.

MR. TYSEN AMHERST, M.P., writing on agricultural depression, says:—"Relief and assistance agriculturists certainly want. Some, we must hope, may be obtained by a recurrence of good harvests; for most assuredly a great deal of distress has been caused by six unfruitful seasons in succession, besides, in many places, diseases being prevalent amongst the flocks and herds. Some may be obtained by having the burdens now pressing so heavily on land lightened, and the taxation more widely distributed; and lastly, now that the cry is becoming general throughout the country, we may hope that if protection is granted to other industries, some may also be granted to agriculture."

MR. G. BENTINCK, M.P., writing on the same subject, says:—"The immediate and apparent cause of the present distress in the agricultural districts has been a succession of bad seasons, but a deeper and permanent cause exists in the system of one-sided Free Trade."

LOCAL TAXATION, 1835 AND 1881.—At the opening of Parliament, 24th February, 1835, the King's Speech ran thus:—"I deeply lament that the agricultural interest continues in a state of great depression. I recommend to your consideration whether it may not be in your power, after providing for the exigencies of the public service and consistently with the steadfast maintenance of the public credit, to devise a method for mitigating the pressure of those local charges which bear heavily on the owners and occupiers of land, and for distributing the burden of them more equally over other descriptions of property." There are not a few who think that the advice of good King William might well be followed in 1881, as it was not in 1835. Of local rates in many districts it may indeed be said, "The burden of them has become intolerable."

MISCELLANEOUS.—It is proposed to erect an Agricultural Hall at Norwich.—It is stated that the Duke of Devonshire is about to retire from the breeding of pedigree shorthorns.—A farmer at Thirsk has a flock of twelve ewes, from which he has had this season thirty lambs, twenty-eight of which are still alive.—At a meeting of farmers at Downham, Norfolk, it has been resolved—"That it is the duty of the agriculturists of this country to agitate in favour of a return to Protection."—Evergreen shrubs may now be transplanted with good results.—Late asparagus beds will now be all the better for a dressing of liquid manure.



THE TURF.—Referring for a moment to the Newmarket Meeting last week, it may be mentioned that the race was a fairly interesting one. Thirteen animals came to the post, and of them Mr. Crawford's Thebais was naturally made favourite, in consequence of her excellent performances during the latter part of last season. To the great delight of the "prophets" and her backers, who had to lay 6 to 5 on her, she won, but only beat Thora by a neck, the running of the latter showing that her supporters in the City and Suburban had good grounds for their confidence. The once invincible Bal Gal was a bad third, and it is a bit of a puzzle to make out what is the matter with her. There are many things, however, more unlikely than that, after the manner of many good fillies, she will come back to her old form during the autumn. It may be interesting also to note that Stchaistia, one of the Russian thoroughbreds at Newmarket, whose name is a terrible crux to the bookmakers, ran in the race, but she was beaten off and finished absolutely last.—It is hardly necessary to say that the Chester Meeting, held this week, was but a shadow of its former self. It is probably the oldest established meeting in this country, as it is recorded that in 1609 A.D. a Mr. Lister, mayor of the city, and a Mr. Ambrye, a former sheriff, caused silver bells to be made and run for on the "Roode Dee." The bells, however, seem only to have been challenge bells; but in 1623 a free bell was given outright to the winner. In James the First's reign golden bells were run for in different parts of the country, and hence, it is said, arose the expression, "bearing the bell." A marked decadence has for some years past affected the Chester Meeting, and this week showed no sign of revival. The Cup, on which, perhaps, more money could have been won than on almost any handicap in the year, has now come to be little more than a post-betting race. On Wednesday only ten runners came to the post—the exact number which, by a curious coincidence, was that of the starters in the four previous years. Lord Falmouth's Apollo, on the strength of his second in the Great Metropolitan, and of having Archer on his back, was made favourite at 9 to 4, Blackthorn, Prudhomme, and Reefer, the winner two years ago, being next in demand; but an outsider—Sir J. D. Astley's Windsor—won easily, Prudhomme and Apollo being second and third.—The Windsor Meeting was nothing much to boast of, but was well patronised by holiday folk. Suttler seems at last to have got into a winning humour, and took the Crown Welter for have got into a winning humour, and took the Crown Welter for Sir George Chetwynd, whose nice filly Comely won the Sale Stakes, and thus atoned for her recent defeat. The season seems to be marked hitherto by the somewhat uncertain running of the crack two-year-old fillies. St. Augustine made short work of the Winkfield Welter, as did Incheape of the St. George's Plate for two-year-olds.—Peregrine remains first favourite for the Derby at 11 to 4; but Sir Charles, Geologist, and Fortissimo have been backed for good money, while Barrett, the American, has come into notice at 20 to 1, and, if we are not mistaken, is likely to see a much shorter price.

CRICKET.—There has not been much further progress in this game since our last. The M.C.C., however, has trotted out twenty-two "Colts" selected from almost every part of England, the names of some of whom, such as Parr, Morley, and Wootton, are redolent of willow and leather. Among the youngsters Butler (Nottingham) was the only one who made a good score, marking 47, which he supplemented with 34 in the second innings. Flawing also in the second innings scored 26. The match ended in favour of the Eleven by five runs.

AQUATICS.—There has been a good deal of talk about the "fin" which Trickett had fitted to his skiff in his recent matches against Kirby at Southampton. This "fin" was a thin plate of copper, four or five inches wide and about a foot long, tacked to the bottom of the boat in a line with the keelson, its purpose being to prevent the boat being twisted about by the wind, and thus obviate as much as possible one-hand labour. It is supposed by many that the Trickett owed at least one of his victories to this arrangement.—The Twickenham Rowing Club commenced its season on Saturday last, when a capital race was rowed between two scratch Eights, resulting in the victory of that stroked by J. Hertslet.

BILLIARDS.—Another American tournament has been completed at the Westminster Aquarium, resulting in a tie between Bowles and Evans. The highest breaks were 130 by Green, 119 by J. Bennett, and 116 by Hunt.

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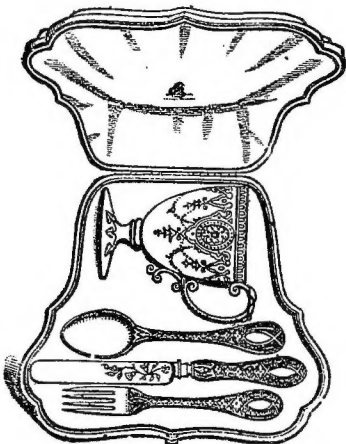
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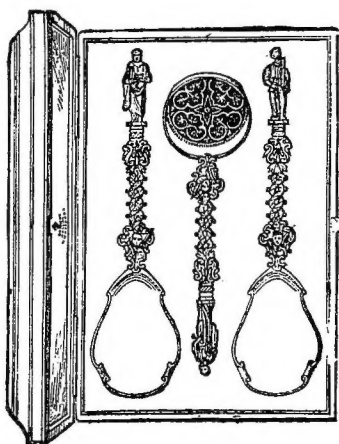
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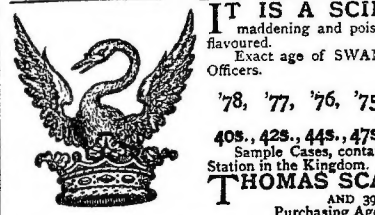
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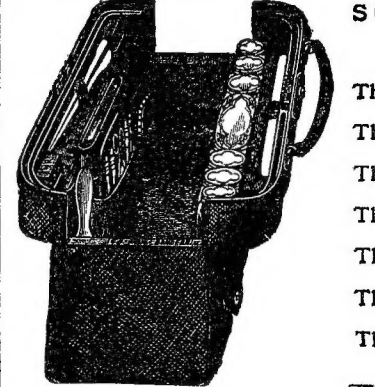
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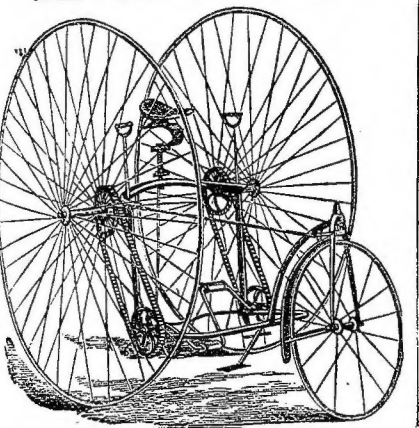
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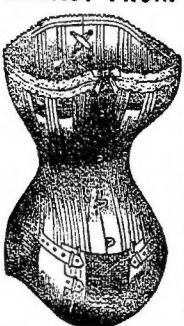
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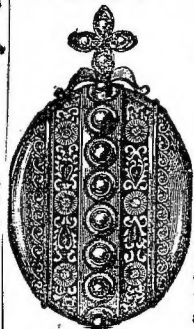
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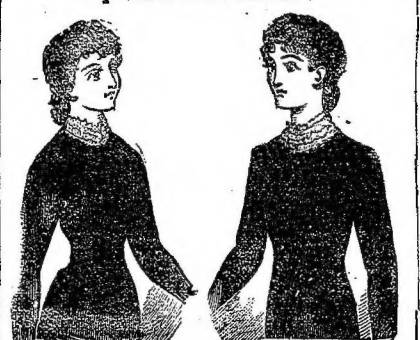


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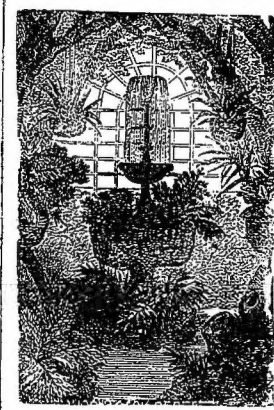
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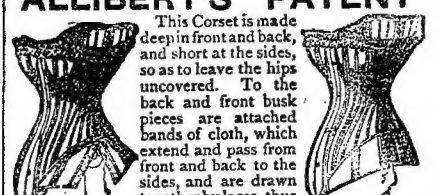
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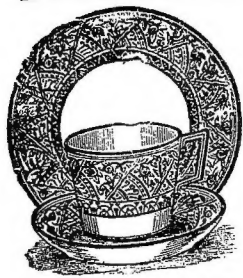
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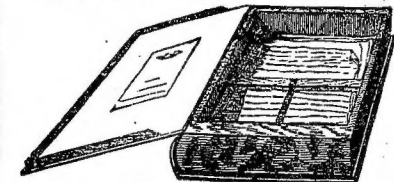
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